

June 25 cents

The American **Mercury**

Thomas E. Dewey, Self-Made Myth

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

- I Quit the Ministry *Grant V. R. Lawrence*
Life on the *Daily Worker* *Howard Rushmore*
Corruption, Boston Style *Joseph F. Dinneen*
Hungary's Amazing Horthy *Emil Lengyel*
Public Administration as a Career *Lowell Brentano*
The Little Man in Henry Ford's Basement, Part II . . . *John McCarten*
Teachers in Wartime *Lucille B. Milner & Groff Conklin*
Snail Pie. A Story *James Still*
Japan's Mandate Islands *Linton Wells*
Imported Cheese — Made in the U. S. A. *Edith M. Stern*
The 3-X Murders *Jack G. Mauder*
Tsars and Kaisers Were Liberals *Max Nomad*
Faulkner's New York Critics *Burton Rascoe*
Massacre of the Mammals *Alan Devoe*
President Roosevelt and the Communists *Eugene Lyons*

AMERICANA . . . BOOKS . . . POETRY . . . OPEN FORUM



"Be Careful of the Candle, Son!"

Remember—you older folks—the trip upstairs to bed when you were too small to be trusted with a lamp? The drafts fluttered the candle flame, and there was that horrid black shadow behind the door. And mother, downstairs, always worried about fire.

EDISON'S invention of the electric light dispelled the darkness that shrouded our homes and streets after dark, but we don't have to go back to the days of candles to find welcome changes in our way of living brought about by electricity. Year by year, electricity has brought additional blessings to American homes.

Today more than 24 million homes have electric lights; 14 million housewives enjoy the convenience of electric refrigerators and electric washers. Five out of six homes have radio receivers.

And every year the scientists and engineers of General Electric find additional ways for electricity to serve us all—help create More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

EDISON LIVES AGAIN. The motion pictures "Young Tom Edison" and "Edison The Man" are bringing life this pioneer of the General Electric organization, who did so much to put electricity to work for all of us. When you see these pictures, remember that his work still lives in every home that enjoys electric lights.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

A PARTNERSHIP

COUNSEL ON PUBLIC RELATIONS

420 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

An organization equipped to handle the public relations problems of large and small groups and organizations.

Public Relations—Organized Persuasion —Opinion Management

Researches	} on every phase of public relationships—public— dealers—consumers— stockholders—indus- trial relations—etc.
Consultations	
Direction and carrying out	

Researches on measurement of public attitudes, market research, sales promotion, determination of advertising policy, choice of agency, etc.

Consultations—analysis, strategy, planning.

Naturally, we work with some of America's leading corporations, and also with small businesses that have limited budgets for promotional activities.

The facilities and wide contacts of this organization make it possible to put its creative talents as well as its organizing skill to the service of all clients, regardless of their size.

*For over 20 years leaders
in the field of
Counsel on Public Relations*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
I

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
198

June, 1940

Thomas E. Dewey, Self-Made Myth.....	Benjamin Stolberg	135
I Quit the Ministry	Grant V. R. Lawrence	148
Tsars and Kaisers Were Liberals	Max Nomad	155
Teachers in Wartime.....	Lucille B. Milner & Groff Conklin	162
Corruption, Boston Style	Joseph F. Dinneen	168
Hungary's Amazing Horthy.....	Emil Lengyel	176
Public Administration as a Career.....	Lowell Brentano	184
Japan's Mandate Islands.....	Linton Wells	194
Lunacy Marches On!.....		198
The Little Man in Henry Ford's Basement, <i>Part II</i>	John McCarten	200
Snail Pie, <i>A Story</i>	James Still	209
Life on the <i>Daily Worker</i>	Howard Rushmore	215
The 3X Murders	Jack G. Mauder	222
Imported Cheese — Made in the U. S. A.....	Edith M. Stern	229
STATE OF THE UNION:		
President Roosevelt and the Communists.....	Eugene Lyons	234
AMERICANA.....		237
DOWN TO EARTH:		
Massacre of the Mammals.....	Alan Devoe	239
POETRY:		
I. Requiem.....	Leona Ames Hill	191
II. After the Blossoming.....	Eva Willes Wangsgaard	214
III. Prophetic Dream.....	Clifford Gessler	228
IV. Side-Hill Farm.....	Frances Frost	233
THE LIBRARY:		
Faulkner's New York Critics.....	Burton Rascoe	243
CHECK LIST.....		247
OPEN FORUM.....		250
CONTRIBUTORS.....		253
RECORDED MUSIC.....		132

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1940, by The American

Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*

Eugene Lyons, *Editor*

Suzanne La Follette *Managing Editor*; Mildred Falk *Associate Editor*; J. W. Ferman *Business Manager*

A timely reissue
of an epochal book
HERBERT SPENCER'S

The Man *versus* the State

Foreword by
ALBERT
JAY NOCK

HERE's the answer to the New Deal, written 56 years ago! Spencer's prophetic masterpiece of political philosophy is restored to general circulation with this new, unexpurgated edition. \$2.00. July publication. Reserve your copy at your bookseller, or the publisher.

THE CAXTON PRINTERS, LTD.
Dept. AM. Caldwell, Idaho

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND

By

Jonathan Daniels

Performing for Yankeeedom the same service he did for Dixie in "A Southerner Discovers the South"; an entertaining and charming travel book and an absorbing and informative economic and sociological study of the section and its people.

all bookstores \$3

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Now that Summer is coming—

double your outdoor pleasure

with one of the most fascinating books ever written about the hidden lives of wood, field, stream and ocean, by the author whose monthly department "Down to Earth" has long been a favorite with American Mercury readers.

ALAN DEVOE'S book DOWN TO EARTH

Charmingly Illustrated • \$2.50

COWARD-McCANN, Inc. • 2 West 45th St., New York



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on Best Seller Lists and in national periodicals. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors assisted. Highly recommended aid for revision and publication. Information on request. 49 West 42d St., New York.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 21 YEARS

Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. **WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC.**, 570 Lexington Ave. at 51st, N. Y. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS** supplied: also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (We Also Buy Old Books and Magazines.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation. **THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS**, Station O, Box 22, N. Y. C.

RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News and feature articles on coins, medals and paper money. Six month trial subscription \$1.50. Sample copy 30c. Write for circular. **American Numismatic Association**, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL

Social Correspondence Club

EXPERIENCE the thrill of romance thru this select club! Introductions-by-letter. This club is conducted to help lonely, refined men and women find compatible friends. Discreet, confidential service. . . . Nationwide membership. Established 1922. . . . Sealed particulars **FREE. EVAN MOORE**, Box 988, Jacksonville, Florida.

SOCIAL CONTACTS made thru our personal attention. This is but another mode of making congenial acquaintances. Discriminating clientele. Send for Free particulars. Ladies enrolled free.

SOCIAL CIRCLE REGISTER

Box 855

St. Louis, Mo.



Recorded MUSIC

Beethoven — *Symphony No. 5, in C Minor, Op. 67*: (Victor Album 640, \$8.00). A masterpiece of dramatic leadership, orchestral unanimity and recording skill, produced in a hall that vitiates sound. Marvelous, indispensable and bitterly disappointing, these records have an aridity of strings and drums hard to endure, spoiling an interpretation impossible to resist. **Arturo Toscanini** is the conductor; the orchestra libelled by the hall is that of the National Broadcasting Company.

Mendelssohn — *Symphony No. 5, in D, "Reformation"*: (Columbia Album M-391, \$6.00). The first recording of an attractive, refined and shallow work, played without luster by **Howard Barlow** and the **CBS Orchestra** in an engraving much too bold for smooth reproduction.

Tschaikowsky — *Francesca da Rimini, Op. 32*: (Victor Album 598, \$5.50). Without insisting on the merit of this composition as an illustration for the *Divine Comedy*, a critic may commend Mr. **Barbirolli's** forcible exposition of its hysteria and the very able response of the **New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra**. The reproduction is faithful and unisistent, similar to that of **Schubert's Tragic Symphony** by the same organization.

Piston — *Orchestral Suite from a Ballet, The Incredible Flutist*: (Victor Album 621, \$3.50). A pot-pourri of clanking rhythms and dismal tunes, wrapped in the factitious program of determined childlike simplicity accepted by modern art convention as the exact expression of a complex, ferocious and incomprehensible era. This is an excellent recording of the brilliant **Boston Pops Orchestra** conducted by **Arthur Fiedler**.

Pienné—Trois Pièces en Trio: (Columbia Album X-153, \$3.50). This is dedicated to the Pasquier Trio, who play it here with less than their usual smoothness. It is much too frail to survive repeated performance.

Schubert—Quartet No. 9, in G Minor: (Victor Album 641, \$4.50). Early Schubert, light and ingratiating, with a tender *andantino* of superior value, played by the Coolidge Quartet with sympathetic grace and an occasional rasp in *forte* passages.

Geminiani—Sonata for Violin in C Minor: (Columbia Album X-155, \$3.50). There is enough mild interest in this early Eighteenth Century display piece to justify the recording. The violinist is Arnold Belnick, who manipulates a bow with exactitude and agility in the production of a tone frequently very mellow and often rather harsh.

Bach—Suites No. 2 and 3, for Unaccompanied Cello: (Victor Album 611, \$12.00); *Reger—Suite for Unaccompanied Cello in G:* (Columbia Album X-152, \$3.50). Extraordinary playing, by the world's two leading cellists, of compositions of very restricted appeal. Despite the diversity of movements in the Bach, and Pablo Casals's magisterial skill, a cello alone communicates tedium except to specialists; and this is truer in the shorter Reger work played by Emanuel Feuermann, good for this composer, but hardly Bach.

Schubert—Gretchen am Spinnrade and Ave Maria: (Victor 15752, \$2.00); *Mozart—Die Zauberflöte: Ach, ich fühl's and Handel—Semele: O Sleep:* (Victor 15826, \$2.00). Dorothy Maynor guides her voice, a soprano of surprising warmth and rondeur, into the difficulties of four masterpieces with an intelligent appreciation, if incomplete mastery, of their divergent styles. She is a very promising singer and may become a great one. A scratchy accompaniment is provided the Mozart and Handel by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitzky.

C. G. B.

The LITERARY BAZAAR

Continued from page 132

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page

catalogue free.

Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

NEW CONTACTS

Through our PERSONAL SERVICE dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele. Vast New York City membership. Personal interviews. Social gatherings. Write or telephone.

Grace Bowes, Director

AMERICAN SERVICE

3140-AM Godwin Terrace, New York City

TELEPHONE KINGSBRIDGE 6-2921

WHEN YOU VISIT THE WORLD'S
FAIR BE SURE TO PHONE US

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, your stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement (about 40 words) now costs only \$5.00 — and on a twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. LB 6, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

TEST THIN-FLEX BLADES

at our expense!

If you don't agree that these THIN-FLEX Blades give you a better shave than you ever had before — they cost you nothing.

60 THIN-FLEX Blades \$1.00
(double-edge) for only
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Try 3 blades upon receipt of your order and if you don't think they are the finest blades you ever used, return the others and we will refund your dollar in full.

PLAZA MERCHANDISE CO.

M-6-40

130 East 51st Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me 60 THIN-FLEX Blades for which I enclose \$1.00. If I am not delighted I will return 57 and you will refund my dollar in full.

Name

Address

What's Your Telephone Score?

EVERY DAY many pleasant voices go over the telephone. And it seems to us the number is growing all the time. For most people realize the business and social value of "The Voice with a Smile."

Sometimes what may appear like a gruff or hasty manner is not meant that way at all, but is simply carelessness or thoughtlessness.

Since this is the age of quizzes, how about a short one on some points of telephone usage?

DO YOU TALK DIRECTLY INTO THE TELEPHONE?

The proper way to use the telephone for best results is to hold the transmitter directly in front of the lips while you are talking.

DO YOU SPEAK PLEASANTLY?

Remember . . . it may be your best friend or your best customer. Greet him as pleasantly as you would if you were face to face. Pleasant people get the most fun out of life anyway.

DO YOU HANG UP GENTLY?

Thoughtlessly slamming the receiver may appear like an act of discourtesy to the person to whom you have been talking. You don't mean it, of course, but it may leave the wrong impression.

DO YOU TALK NATURALLY?

Normal tone of voice is best. Whispered words are indistinct. Shouting distorts the voice and may make it gruff and unpleasant.

DO YOU ANSWER PROMPTLY?

Most people do. Delay in answering may mean that you miss an important call. The person calling may decide that no one is there and hang up.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE BELL SYSTEM CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO VISIT ITS EXHIBITS AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR AND THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO.

The American MERCURY

THOMAS E. DEWEY, SELF-MADE MYTH

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

WHEN last December Thomas E. Dewey announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination, Secretary Ickes neatly expressed the private feelings of the Republican high command: "Dewey has thrown his diaper into the ring!" Three months later, Ickes changed the diaper to rompers although Mr. Dewey, for all his straining at the crib, hadn't done or said a thing to indicate such phenomenal growth.

The Dewey forces accept the challenge of youth. They glory in their hero's vim and vigor, his buoyant optimism, the clean, athletic élan of his political *oomph*. Dewey himself tries to live up to this conception of the political Lochinvar. Modestly he says, "America is also young!" Boy

Meets Girl! And he smiles his most tantalizing smile — half boyish grin, half Robert Taylor — a smile somewhat marred by irregular dentition.

But for a while Dewey was being rejuvenated to the danger point; one began to fear that another overdose and our candidate might get up some bright morning and romp off to school instead of rushing to the Grand Central for another swing around the circle. The youth campaign had to be offset by a parallel campaign about Mr. Dewey's congenital maturity, his genius for absorbing social experience with lightning speed. Rupert Hughes, Mr. Dewey's Parson Weems — the same gentleman who "debunked" George Washington — points out that Alexander the

Great was King of Macedonia at nineteen and ruler of the known world at thirty-three; that Napoleon was master of Europe at thirty-five, that William Pitt at twenty-four "was Premier of the British Empire in the greatest crisis of all its history." Since Mr. Dewey was kind enough, before the book was published, to check Mr. Hughes' conception of him against his own, these analogies are worth noting.

Then Mr. Hughes dwells upon his hero's almost perfect training for the Presidency. It seems that no office in the land is more sensitively synchronized with every phase of the federal government, and many other things, than the office of the United States Attorney for Southern New York. And Mr. Dewey was acting head of that *very* office for fully one month, not to mention his two and a half years as chief assistant. As a prosecutor, he not only gained deep insight into the life of the people, but also came in contact with international affairs, for our leading gangsters have every conceivable racial, national and cultural background. The years of his legal apprenticeship, as well as his entire career of a year and a half in private practice, Mr. Dewey devoted to the problems of business, industry and finance. Of

labor he knows everything, for he has prosecuted some racketeers who had muscled their way into trade unions. And of course he knows what the farmer needs: as a high school boy he worked a whole summer for a Michigan farmer, whom he recently rediscovered with the aid of journalistic flashbulbs. Sure, Dewey is young! But who else can boast such a perfect homeopathic schooling for the White House?

The sober fact is that Dewey is a middle-aged man of thirty-eight, and should be old enough for anything but an old age pension. In the campaign of 1896, one of the dirtiest on record, Bryan was thirty-six, which wasn't what worried Mark Hanna — any more than Dewey's "youth" influences Mark Hanna's daughter, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, one of his most generous fat cats and his fairy godmother. After all, Professor Pitkin made a fortune reassuring folks of Mr. Dewey's age that Life Begins at Forty.

Yet this emphasis on "youth" is not all hokum. Indeed, Dewey's emotional immaturity, his remarkably limited experience, the whole unfinished effect of his personality, are the most striking things about him. But this immaturity is not, as his opponents like to think, mere callowness. For all his humorless

egotism, the man is very clever, effective, and has a flair for sensational publicity. He is not so much immature as spiritually arrested. There is a touch of Goebbels about his propaganda — crass, bold, and hard to nail. He boasts that he has reduced the expenses of his office by some \$220,000 a year. This is only technically true, for he has requisitioned the services of one hundred and ten police officers, whose combined salary is about \$330,000, paid by the New York Police Department. Again, he habitually accuses even his most reputable opponents of “corruption” and “common dishonesty” — a very Goebblesque technique. Again, when the State constitutional convention recommended a provision against wire-tapping, he charged that the provision had been inspired by the underworld. Finally, he invariably conducts his big trials in such a way as to supply an avid press with the maximum of melodramatic and morbid detail. The Luciano case, for instance, was reported verbatim not only in the daily press, but in innumerable weekly newspapers. This is probably the main reason why Dewey’s political “sex appeal,” the movie build-up of the young and pertly competent D.A. who means to cleanse and save these United

States, is going over so big with the bridge-playing matrons, with the Lonely Hearts, with the more “progressive” middle classes just above the vigilante level. Dewey also has an irresistible appeal to a great many professional Roosevelt-haters in the upper brackets. That is why he has been running ahead in the primaries like a mechanical jack-rabbit in a dog race.

Nor has Dewey’s “youth” anything to do with youthful daring and enthusiasm, which is completely alien to his calculating nature. What’s young about Dewey is that he is psychically, mentally, and even physically the typical Young Man of Forty. It is this type which forms the new élite of the totalitarian states, and which is dangerously on the rise in this country as well. It is the perennially “youthful” Leader of the new bureaucracy: ruthless, opportunistic, abnormally ambitious, full of egocentric arrogance, emotionally unstable or arrested, above all radical-reactionary. Such are the old-young men of this anti-democratic epoch, whether they be “revolutionary” Nazis like Dr. Ley, or “revolutionary” Stalinists like Molotoff, or — granted all the difference in tradition and expression — the Brain Stormers of the

Corcoran and Cohen claue. Tom Dewey is the "progressive" GOP version of the same mentality.

As Hamilton Basso has shrewdly pointed out, Dewey, for all his "youthfulness," is "an old man — an old Republican man." All he has to suggest in the present crisis of American life is a chromium-plated Mark Hanna platform. Moreover, his ideas are never larger than his statements. Messrs. Vandenberg and Taft also have nothing more to offer than stock Republican remedies. But their experience and knowledge are richer than their program. Dewey never knows more than he says, or rather than what his ghosts quickly plagiarize from the political atmosphere and he laboriously polishes. The ignorance of social problems displayed in his campaign speeches is sophomoric, neat and dangerous. But he sounds sincere when he throws the whole of himself into his loose-leaf platitudes, because they encompass his entire personality and experience. His torch of liberty is a Dunhill cigarette lighter.

In the Hughes biography there is a page of photographs of Dewey at various ages: at one, at three, at seven, at sixteen. They all look alike. Put a shoe-brush mustache on any of these kids, and you get

a perfect likeness of the Presidential candidate today. Dewey's neat little mustache looks so stagy because his face lacks the maturity to support it. It has all the depth of experience of a billiard ball.

"If I am elected President of the United States," Dewey said to a journalist friend of mine over the breakfast table, "I will consider the job the greatest receivership in bankruptcy in the history of the world." For so small a man to covet such a staggering task indicates an appalling need for psychic compensation. But, like everything else about Tom Dewey, his sense of inferiority has no depth. It has not rendered him ineffective; it merely gives drive to his bumptiousness. One of the wittiest hostesses in New York summed him up: "You can't help liking Tom Dewey until you know him." And you can know him mighty quick: he is instinctively allergic to all criticism, and he overcompensates for his sense of inadequacy with a towering ambition — *I'll be the receiver of America!* That type always believes his conceits to be true. Dewey really thinks he has cleaned up the rackets in New York, though right now they are as strong as they were three years ago, in the opinion of all the experts on the situation. He really believes that he

has saved his present office over \$200,000, though we have seen how. He really believes that he is a model D.A., though for months he has openly devoted his whole time to his Presidential campaign at an expense of \$20,000 a year to New York taxpayers. Three of his assistants, at a combined salary of some \$20,000, also do nothing else, quite openly. As far as I know, no other Presidential candidate has ever done that. He has deliberately failed to appear in court in a single case since the conviction of Jimmy Hines; he feels that to lose a case would hurt his chances.¹ He really believes that he has had the perfect training for the Presidency! And he can defend a complete reversal on any issue as fervently as he defended the opposite position yesterday.

Dewey betrays his sense of inferiority in his image of himself, an image which permeates his publicity. He always thinks of himself as Jack the Giant Killer, David the Goliath killer, the daring young man who is going to put an end to the old, senile, "pessimistic" and "defeatist" New Deal. It's always the same picture of the Little Fellow hitting the Big Wrong. Dewey unconsciously thinks of

himself as a shrimp; he is even more conscious of the supposed shortness of his stature than he is of his "youth." He is no more "short" than he is "young." He is five feet eight (in his shoes), which is tall enough for anybody. But his father, we learn from Rupert Hughes, was a tall and handsome six-footer, who at forty looked his age, was adjusted to his provincial life, happy at his work. In short, the father was a grown-up man, the son is still the little boy. Tom Dewey, a psychologist might say, has never forgiven his father those four extra inches. Nothing less than the Presidency will make him feel as big and as mature as papa. The question is, will the American people send him to the White House to catch up with Father?

II

Dewey was born on March 2, 1902, over his maternal grandfather's general store in Owosso, Michigan, a town of 8000. Rupert Hughes tells us in the Dewey autobiography that he is descended from a French Huguenot family, named Douai, which migrated to England in the "fifteen hundreds" — apparently a century ahead of the other Huguenot émigrés. From there one

¹ As this goes to press the Scalise case is assuming major proportions. The prosecution has a real case here. We may see Dewey in court again just before the Republican convention.

Thomas Duee came to Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1634. According to this tale Dewey's grandfather, George Martin Dewey, Senior, was "one of the founders of the Republican party"; his father was a fourth cousin of the Admiral. In his publicity Dewey is described as the scion of "a distinguished American family." All this hocus-focus conveys the impression that the Deweys are one of our great political families, something like the Roosevelts or La Follettes.

For all one cares, these facts about the Dewey family may be true. But the picture as a whole is phony. I mention this only because it is typical of so much about Tom Dewey. Even when the facts are right, they do not add up to what Dewey's ambition wants them to add up to. It is, for instance, no doubt true that his grandfather was actively interested in the early Republican party in Michigan. But that does not make him a "founder" and put him in the company of Medill McCormick or Judd or Herndon or Judge Davis. The truth is that Dewey's family background is provincial, mid-Western, middle class, respectable, and without the least distinction. He is a product of that background: a small town man, temperamentally incapable of the least touch of

worldliness. His sophistication is that of a fraternity man in a jerk-water college. Nor has he any personal culture. He studied to become a singer and is supposed to be interested in music. Yet, when the name of Stravinsky was once brought up, he asked: "Who's he?" His humble middle-class family background happens to be a sound political background for the White House. But Dewey's sense of inferiority makes him endow himself with "a distinguished American family," a piece of vanity which is of no earthly use to him politically.

From the local high school, Dewey went to the University, where he spent three years in the college and one in law school. Then he transferred to the Columbia Law School, from which he graduated in 1925. All along he was a fair to middling student. During the summers he took voice and dramatic training, which was probably as helpful to his career of courtroom matinee idol as was his legal education. Dewey's lawyership is neither learned nor distinguished. His strong point is investigation, not research; prosecution, not jurisprudence. But his baritone voice and his histrionic talents are superb for courtroom melodrama. Jack Alexander brilliantly describes his courtroom wizardry:

A trial with Dewey present is Dewey's show. His hoarse whisper of scorn carries across the room like a note from a plucked bull-fiddle. His accusations crack like nightsticks on rioters' skulls. And when, with repressed indignation, he sums up the sins of the accused, few jurors can resist the plain testimony of their senses that the throaty voice of Dewey is the authentic voice of an outraged community.

In the fall of 1925 Dewey got a job as a law clerk with Larkin, Rathbone and Perry in New York. He was not very much appreciated there, and he moved on to a smaller firm, McNamara and Seymour. There he suggested that George Medalie, a well known New York lawyer and Republican, be retained on an important case. Medalie fell hard for the young man: he was smooth, efficient, and willing to work till three A.M. When in March, 1931, Medalie became United States Attorney he appointed Dewey his chief assistant. In November, 1933, Medalie resigned, and for one month Dewey was interim U. S. Attorney. When the papers called him "Acting D. A.," he objected. Most newspapermen dislike him cordially. They consider his ruling that he must not be quoted without permission a piece of impertinence. On one or two occasions he has complained about a reporter to his publisher. He is in turn either a

Great Public Figure or a Damned Good Fellow, and the journalistic fraternity finds him a phony in either rôle.

For the next year and a half Dewey was in private practice. Legend has it that in those eighteen months he made a modest fortune. The sum usually mentioned is \$50,000 a year. The truth is that during that year and a half Dewey did little business; \$50,000 minus one cipher would be about right. But the implication is that ever since then he has had to be "drafted" for public office at a great "personal sacrifice." Both Dewey and his friends insist that he couldn't possibly "afford" the Vice-Presidency because it pays only \$15,000 a year. This theory that Tom Dewey is another Philander Knox or Elihu Root or Charles Evans Hughes is as factitious as is his "distinguished" genealogy.

But the public believes it. People still believe that in June, 1935, Governor Lehman had to "draft" Dewey, after four other lawyers had refused the job, as Special Rackets Prosecutor in Manhattan. What is true is that the Dewey cheering squad browbeat Lehman into the appointment. It was during the next two and a half years that Dewey made his reputation as

a prosecutor. And he knew superbly how to build himself up politically. He ran for District Attorney of New York county, and on January 1, 1938, took office. During the next four years, he promised, he would clean up Manhattan. But in the fall of the same year he ran for Governor against Lehman. He was defeated by the communists, who ran no gubernatorial candidate. They were for Lehman; for in those "popular front" days they were supporting the New Deal. They polled 100,000 votes for their candidate for Congressman-at-large, and Lehman was reelected by a mere 64,000 votes. Clearly, Dewey was a vote-getter. Incidentally, the communists today are playing everywhere with the Republican machine. Their main object is to elect an "isolationist," for the Russo-German allies above all want to defeat Roosevelt's "interventionism." And Dewey has been ultra-isolationist ever since the day before the Wisconsin primaries. He hopes to catch the authentic isolationist vote. If he runs he will get the Stalinazi vote as well.

III

There is no doubt that Dewey is an able investigator of crime. He is fearless, which in his case is a func-

tion of his ruthlessness. In appointing his assistants he is guided by two considerations only, their competence as investigators and their loyalty to himself. He is also an excellent organizer — on the G-Man plane. He loves to play detective. Wire-tapping, tailing witnesses, and other GPU arts have been developed by his office to perfection. John Finerty, a member of the board of the Civil Liberties Union and a man of unquestionable integrity, was the lawyer for one of the defendants in the restaurant rackets case. He told me that for weeks he was shadowed by Dewey's cops, that his telephone was always tapped, and that throughout the trial he felt like a communist in Russia. The D.A.'s office is full of doors and cubbyholes — one suspects trapdoors and sliding panels — where witnesses can come and go unseen. The atmosphere is a strange mixture of overt excitement over good government reform and suppressed excitement over a morbidly good time in the underworld. Dewey boasts that none of his witnesses need ever be afraid. While he was after Lepke, New York's leading industrial gangster, six prospective witnesses against Lepke were bumped off.

Dewey is against collusion be-

tween conventional crime and politics; but of good government in the higher sense of the good life of man in organized society, as it has been discussed by political theorists from Aristotle to John Dewey, he hasn't the least idea. He has never given it a thought. It's all Stravinsky to him. There is one field however to which he has given a great deal of thought: the problem of the administration of criminal justice. And since in this special field we get his most mature ideas, they are significant in view of his ambitions.

Dewey's conception of criminal justice inevitably reminds one of a psychologist who builds a labyrinthian trap for rats, to learn whether or how soon they can get out of it.

He is the leading proponent of the Blue Ribbon jury. He has tried every important case before such a jury. Theoretically a Blue Ribbon jury in New York state is drawn from a special panel of citizens who are not opposed to capital punishment. This was the original intention of the system. These special panels are drawn from people who have had the advantages (and disadvantages) of a higher education, and who by and large come from the more respectable and better dressed layers of society. To be sure, such juries are not floored by

an occasional polysyllabic word. But on the other hand, the problems involved in trying a defendant, even a notorious racketeer, from the lower East Side before a jury of squash racqueteers from the upper East Side, are considerable. In the restaurant rackets case, for instance, five of the eight defendants were union men; on the jury there was not a single trade unionist.

In 1937 the Judicial Council of New York, a committee of presiding judges, recommended that the Blue Ribbon jury system be abolished as un-American. In 1939 the Criminal Courts Committee of the New York County Lawyers Association also condemned the system. Each time Dewey fought strenuously for the Blue Ribbon jury, on the ground that the normal jury is not "intelligent enough." And to a prosecutor, intelligent juries are of course convicting juries.

In New York, as elsewhere, there is a group of legal Brahmins who are forever fighting for the "efficient administration of criminal justice," which is certainly desirable. But what they want is to amend the laws in the following particulars: they are against jury unanimity, feeling that ten to two ought to be enough to convict;

they would permit the judge to *comment* on the evidence beyond summarizing the case and instructing the jury; finally, they would grant the prosecutor the right to criticize the defendant for refusing to take the stand in his own behalf, a negative privilege of vast importance to the protection of his civil rights. Dewey has always fought for this thoroughly reactionary legislation; again in the name of "efficiency."

Then there is the so-called "Dewey Law," which authorizes the "joinder" of similar offenses in one single indictment, to show the criminal development of the offender. This joinder system can become a sinister weapon in the hands of an ambitious prosecutor. Dewey sponsored, got, and fought to retain this joinder legislation, and his argument once more was that it is necessary for "efficiency."

Finally we come to the issues of unlawful search and seizure, and of wire-tapping. In the federal courts, the civil rights provision against unlawful search and seizure — that is, without a warrant — is effective because evidence obtained through violating it cannot be used in court. (For over a century one great judge after another has stated the principle that it is better to lose a case against a criminal

without violating his civil rights, than it is to convict him by violating them. Our whole jurisprudence is based on this conception.) In New York state, unfortunately, this provision is still a dead letter, because no matter how evidence is obtained, it may be used against the defendant. In every Dewey conviction, wire-tapping, which is only a technological extension of illegal search, has played an important part. Dewey has fought stubbornly to retain the admission of such evidence, again in the name of "efficiency." Obviously, his interest in the administration of criminal justice, the only field in which he is an expert, is not in achieving substantive justice, but in clinching convictions.

Whenever Dewey's zeal as a prosecutor-politician could be satisfied without the use of "his startling legal technic" — to use a phrase of Forrest Davis, one of his friendly critics — he has done a good job. The mere threat of investigation often sufficed. He pried off the public pay roll a number of plain crooks. It was the dossier he presented to Congress on Federal Judge Manton which finally sent that bribe-taker to prison. He helped to secure a judgment of \$1,000,000 for tax evasion against

Charles E. Mitchell. He sent Richard Whitney, President of the New York stock exchange, to Sing Sing. He put Waxey Gordon, the New York Capone of the prohibition era, away for ten years. He partly broke up the unspeakable loan shark racket. He convicted "Tootsie" Herbert and David Diamondstone, the poultry and trucks racketeers. In each case he went after the big shots, who clearly got what was coming to them.

But Dewey's national reputation rests on three cases: the Hines, Luciano, and restaurant rackets cases. In these cases he used what his friend Hickman Powell calls "an audacious and unprecedented procedure." "It's not a pretty method," Powell confesses enthusiastically, "but crime detection is not in any respect a pretty business." Maybe so. But the issue is not "prettiness." The issue is scrupulousness in regard for the civil rights of the defendant.

Hines was convicted mainly on the testimony of Dixie Davis, who finally turned state's evidence. Dixie had been Dutch Schultz's lawyer, right hand man, and supposedly his liaison officer with Hines in the policy racket, which is now going as strong as ever in Harlem. Dixie, a married man, was permitted to leave prison eight

times in three months to visit his girl friend, Hope Dare, for a "change of clothing." Of course Hines was a corrupt politician. But the fact remains that he was convicted on the testimony of an underworld character whom the prosecution treated with the hospitality of an Arabian sheik. Leading members of the bar regarded Dewey's handling of both trials of Hines, the first of which resulted in a mistrial, as competent only from the point of view of melodramatic stage-setting. They consider that it was legally incompetent, and dangerous from the point of view of public policy.

In the Luciano case, Dewey's audacious method was even more "unprecedented." Luciano was tried as the "overlord" of New York prostitution. Over a hundred women were rounded up and held as material witnesses in \$10,000 bail, an unheard of sum even for defendants. Luciano was convicted on the testimony of one Joe Bendix and of three prostitutes, Cokey Flo Brown, Nancy Presser and Mildred Harris. The girls received immunity, they were put up in expensive hotels, they were given all sorts of inducements to "sing" for the prosecution. All of them later repudiated their confessions. Luciano's conviction was never-

theless upheld by the higher courts. Lawyers and reporters who have studied the case will tell you that Luciano was a racketeer and a criminal who deserved jail if any man ever did — but not for the crimes of which he was accused and convicted.

In the restaurant and cafeteria rackets case, Dewey took a great deal of credit for cleaning up an industry. He did, certainly for the time being. But of the employers, who were far more deeply involved with the gangsters than the union leaders, none was even indicted. Of the seven men who went to prison, four were union men. The whole case was built on circumstantial evidence, furnished mainly by a Dutch Schultz gangster, Louis Beitcher, a professional pimp and bawdy house keeper. The personal dishonesty of the union officials was never proved, though of course they had paid the gangsters in fear of their lives. The owners had also paid enormous sums to the Dutch Schultz gang; but even so, they paid them less than legitimate collective bargaining would have amounted to.

IV

Ever since last December Dewey has been rushing about the country

attacking the New Deal, which is certainly vulnerable. But it is impossible to analyze his criticisms seriously for they add up to so little. He accuses the New Deal of being defeatist, pessimistic, senile, a political racket and shamelessly corrupt. What we need, he says, is a revival of business confidence and initiative — which nobody denies. Once government “interference” is removed, Dewey is certain that 7,000,000 of our unemployed can go back to work almost immediately. We also need higher tariffs. Given all these things, the labor problem will solve itself, for with plenty we shall have industrial peace. And of course, with all that prosperity we can use up the agricultural surplus, which higher tariffs will protect from unfair foreign competition. It’s as simple as that!

Dewey’s brash opportunism stands out even more when he gets on foreign affairs. For several months he practically endorsed the President’s foreign policy. His only criticism was that we should not have recognized the Soviet Union, which is most amusing coming from him, for Dewey was playing right in with the communist-controlled unions in New York — the painters, the restaurant workers, the furriers — before they

turned against him when he was running for governor. Suddenly he decided that Roosevelt's policy might be too interventionist. And just before the Wisconsin primaries, he went completely "isolationist." The fact is that Dewey has no program, foreign or domestic, except that little Tommy wants to be President.

When Dewey captured the Republican primaries in Wisconsin and Nebraska, the press and the rank-and-file of politicians began to take him very seriously. But his nomination is uncertain. Even the perfect Deweyites admit that he must be nominated within the first three ballots. After that his prospects are not bright. He will probably reach the convention with 300 to 400 delegates. In his own New York County, especially since his effort to "purge" County Chairman Kenneth Simpson, who enjoys universal respect, he can count on only four out of twenty-two delegates after the first two or three ballots. Unless he can pull off a bandwagon crash of the convention, Dewey's main difficulty will be that it is the leaders of a party who control a convention, and the high command of the Republican party does not want him. Martin, Landon, Pew, Hoover, McNary, Wadsworth, Hilles, the leading

senators and congressmen, are against him. They resent his upstart rise, they dislike his arrogance, his ruthlessness, his ambition, his complete lack of humor. And the more progressive among them really feel that to have a man of his immaturity and inexperience in the White House in these ominous days would be a national calamity. The only thing that could possibly nominate Dewey is his ability as a vote-getter, always an important consideration for politicians. But even of that the Republican leaders are not certain. For as one of them put it: "If Dewey should be nominated, Roosevelt is sure to run, and in that case Roosevelt will win. At the last moment the people will be scared to take a chance on Dewey." Dewey may get the second place on the ticket. In that case, he will grab it, whether he can "afford" it or not.

Dewey wants to be elected on his record. So far as his national reputation is concerned, his record is based almost entirely on the Luciano, Hines, and restaurant rackets cases — based on the testimony of Cokey Flo, Mildred Harris, Nancy Presser, Dixie Davis, Louis Beitcher. The question is whether this is good enough to qualify a man for President of the United States.

- *Can a socially conscious clergyman be more useful to his fellow-men outside the Church?*

I QUIT THE MINISTRY

GRANT V. R. LAWRENCE

I QUIT at forty, and that was tough. I had a wife and three children to think about, there was a depression going on, and I had no special training for any other job or profession. It was a long leap in the dark, but we took it. And we have never had cause to regret it. The family surrounded us like a swarm of angry, mournful bees when they heard of it. Just when I was beginning to "go places" in the Church, I was stepping out. Was I losing my mind? They didn't understand when I said I would probably lose my mind if I stayed in; they don't understand yet that this was a decision years in the making, and no sudden impulse.

It all began before I was out of high school. Even then, even before then, I had thought of being a minister. I had thought of it vaguely for years, but I didn't decide until that big ex-train-robber evangelist came to town for a series of revival meetings. He was good, that evangelist; he had just the right combination of brimstone, wise-cracks and train-robbing thrillers to shake

a lively youngster whose models of manhood up to that time had been Gideon, Jesse James and Big Jim Jeffries. He leaned over the edge of the platform, pointed a long, lean and somewhat cadaverous forefinger right under my nose and shouted, "You — you fine young man down there — do you want to make your life *count*?" It might be better if we didn't have such high-pressure converters; they catapult a lot of young fellows into the ministry who make poor preachers when they might have made good plumbers or Presidents. He catapulted me. Sure, I wanted to make my life count. I signed the pledge against liquor, fox-trotting, and tobacco and looked around for a good sound seminary.

Seminary was heaven. You don't work very hard in seminary; even if you flunk, you can get into some Church that doesn't believe in seminaries and high-falutin' learnin', so why worry? We pinned our eyes on the highest stars, thought only the noblest thoughts, saw only the brightest side. We were brave

young crusaders kneeling in shining armor the night before the battle. At Commencement the Trustees tearfully reminded us that we were The Hope of The World and in general envied us our chance. It was nice going.

But I was not many years out of seminary before I began to have misgivings that perhaps after all this was not the best place in which to make my life count. I came forth with the usual confidence that preaching Christ from a pulpit was about the finest contribution a man could make to the onward-and-upward of the race. As the years wore on the misgivings multiplied. Finally I came to feel that, for me, the last place on earth to be fighting for Christ was from a Church pulpit.

There was nothing bitter or cynical about that; I am neither bitter nor cynical now about the Church. I haven't any rocks to throw through stained-glass windows. We still go to Church; I know it is important to keep on emphasizing the core of truth the Church has in her keeping. We still send our cherubs to Sunday-school, partly because they want to go and partly because we know they need God even more than they need arithmetic, the movies and the Boy Scouts.

Perhaps the trouble was that I was more concerned with the practice of religion than with its theory, or its theology. I couldn't go on preaching those endless sermons to a relatively small group of people year in and year out. I couldn't go on coaching little Willie Jones to stand up straight with his hands at his sides to speak his "piece" on Children's Day. It didn't seem to me important that little Willie ever spoke his piece at all, what with a strike in the big mill down the street that had the town by the ears and a goodly slice of the congregation hungry and cold and broke. It seemed a waste of time to go on preaching to his parents the sermons they always forgot while there was such need to do something for Christ in the suffering community beyond my church doors.

The D. D. had better realize this: he must be "the type" who so loves preaching that he can preach in the quietness of his chapel while all hell is loose outside. He must be the type that can go on begging the world to practice a way of life that it has consistently refused to practice for nineteen hundred years; he must go on shouting, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, or asking, "Why doesn't the world turn back to Christ?" with a pitifully small share of the popula-

tion even interested enough to come and hear him ask it. He must be the type to take that and like it. There seemed to me to be other, more constructive work I might be doing for Christ. I wasn't the type.

II

What was more, I couldn't play politics. I soon discovered that it was of no use to be a good shepherd among your flock unless you were at the same time a good politician.

I refused to believe it, at first. It couldn't be. But it was! When I found out that the chief contributor to my salary in my first church was a business man of shady reputation who was regularly black-balled by the Masons and refused membership in Kiwanis, I unburdened my chagrin to my ecclesiastical supervisor. He looked at me with a canny twinkle in his Scots eye and he said, "Don't be a fool, boy. Cultivate him. He's made more than one preacher, and broken more than one. Your church will fall apart if you lose him, and heaven only knows where I'd get you another job if that happens." I moved the next Spring. My happy hypocrite is still getting the little black ball at lodge-meeting, still outside the weekly Kiwanis luncheon, and still a pillar of the Church.

We were just getting settled in the new manse when my new supervisor dropped in to offer me a cigar and a little advice. He said, "Now, son, this is a mill town you're in. Be careful. The three families that own these mills have run this church since the Civil War. The others — well, they're good, honest, humble laboring people, but they couldn't support your budget for six months. Use your head. Preach the Old Gospel and vote Republican and in a year or so I'll open up something better for you. I've helped a lot of young fellows in my day. Look at Henry —; not much of a preacher, but he's smooth and diplomatic and knows how to behave at a Women's Club tea. Use your head, boy."

It was a different set-up from the one I had expected. The idea was to regard your church not as an opportunity to serve the Lord, but as a stepping-stone to a better pulpit. There was "something the matter" with the preacher who stayed more than five years in a parish. Keep moving. Lay your wires early, cultivate your contacts early for the Big Job. There was, we found, political adroitness and technique behind these scenes; so much of it, in fact, that rebellion against it is smouldering all through the American Church.

I couldn't play that game. I didn't want to. I had entered the Church to preach Christ and not to cultivate the vote-producers. I might have voted Republican, or Democratic, or even Socialist, for my family has been a group of political mugwumps ever since Lincoln, and I am not signed on the dotted line of any political organization. I might even play politics with a relish outside the Church, but to play them in the name of Jesus Christ was something else.

Neither could I seem to stick to the "Old Gospel." Older and wiser clergymen told me that people everywhere were hungry for that, but I couldn't seem to find out just what kind of Gospel it was, nor how "old" it was. It wasn't as old as the blazing gospel of Moses and the prophets; all the pulpit prophets I knew had been slapped down. It wasn't as old as the New Testament dynamite that blew up the first-century world. What was really wanted, I decided, was not dynamite but aspirin — a quieting, comforting, inoffensive and ineffective gospel that disturbed nobody and left everything exactly as it was. Preaching from the text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor . . ." or from Paul's "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content . . ." al-

ways brought congratulations from my more fortunately housed and clothed communicants, and a look of pained and incredulous surprise from my poorer and unemployed contingent. To preach anything but contentment and quiet was to lead with your chin.

I led with my chin. I couldn't see myself spending my life in the livery of an ecclesiastical ambulance-driver, picking up and comforting the human wreckage. I felt that the Church belonged in the van and not in the rear.

I understand, of course, that at times aspirin is a useful medicine. This ministry of compassion is quite necessary. The minister who can say the right thing (and I use the words reverently) when the nurse puts up the screens around the hospital-bed is doing an important job. The trouble is that he gets too little time even for this ministry, what with Rotary luncheons and Ladies Aid socials and the prayer that he must make at the convention of the visiting firemen. But some of us are more interested in prevention than in remedy; in stopping the suffering where it begins instead of trying to assuage the pain afterwards. I would rather be a doctor than an undertaker. I would much rather have been a physician with Gorgas in the Canal

Zone than an army chaplain burying the yellow-fever dead. And I could no more preach contentment in a world seething with discontent than I could have preached it on the Concord Road the day the farmers were popping off at the British from behind their stone walls.

III

There was a revolution going on in my world, and I wanted to be a part of it. I found that I wasn't being a very vital part of it in the Church. There was a deadly inertia and lassitude here that clamped down on me like a brake. There was a drag in the Church gait that got on the nerves. There was a tendency to quote Browning's "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world." I knew that all wasn't right. I put my trust in heaven but I saw a lot of hell on earth. I couldn't subscribe to the faith that it must go on and on. I felt that if things were going to be straightened out at all they would be straightened out not by miraculous divine interference but by human sweat. And there wasn't much of a chance to work up that kind of a sweat in the Church.

There was the flood of the poor and the hungry and the unem-

ployed. We accepted them at first, as we accepted Christ's "The poor always ye have with you . . ." We passed out baskets of food at Thanksgiving and repainted toys at Christmas and told ourselves that we were doing a fine piece of work. Then it dawned on us that it wasn't quite fine enough. The local charity organizations and the overseer of the poor were doing a much more comprehensive and scientific job than we could ever have done. Besides, the job had no end. I felt like an ecclesiastical Canute, sweeping at a never-ending tide. I wanted a chance to strike at the causes of this suffering and not at the results of it.

That meant a detour from straight "gospel-preaching." To preach vague generalities is safe enough — like scolding the congregation for what the British are doing in India. But to preach on local situations was to snipe at short range and to beg a ride in the tumbril. A young preacher near me preached in painful local particulars one Sunday morning and on Monday morning one of his laymen stopped me on the street to ask, belligerently, "Who does that young snipe think is paying his salary, anyway?" I knew that the remark was a deadly weapon being used with fatal accuracy on the preachers who

are getting out of line. There are preachers, of course, who are defying the weapon and getting away with it; there is the Baptist (?) Fosdick and the Methodist Bishop McConnell, both too big to be handled as a young preacher is handled. But they are the last of the giants. And even in their most effective moments it is to be doubted that they have one-tenth the influence of ex-preachers out in the rough-and-tumble world. I recently asked one of our leading preachers just how many minds he had changed or virtually influenced on basic social questions, and he replied without a moment's hesitation, "Not one." He has been preaching for a quarter of a century.

I believe that Christ meant His Church to be a house of prayer for all people; that he didn't make much distinction between a white skin and a black. I thought of the Church as the first place to teach and preach and practice brotherhood. I was wrong. There was a near-riot when we suggested that we turn over our Sunday-school rooms on Sunday afternoons to a nearby Negro community. A Negro mother who thoughtlessly brought her children to our white Sunday School was met at the door and advised to try some other church.

An inter-racial society, made up of young people, was attempting to do something to outwit race prejudice in our fair city; they scoured the town to secure the use of a church room or auditorium for a mass-meeting. Most of the churches stood empty six days a week, but there didn't seem to be any room available, anywhere. When I left town they had tried fourteen churches and had met with a rebuff at every one of them.

An ex-convict came home to live in the parish and make his second start. His mother was highly respected in the town, and he had graduated from our Sunday school at the usual graduating age — sixteen. I went the rounds trying to get him a job. I begged, pleaded, reasoned, stormed, scolded and flattered, but get him that job I never did. "An ex-con in *my* office? Don't be silly, parson." The mother finally went on relief and the boy went from disappointment to surliness to desperation and broke into a garage and stole sixty dollars and went up for another stretch.

There was a crying need for political house cleaning in the city. Even the boys in the Sunday school knew that some of the city fathers were making \$3,000 a year and living at a \$30,000 gait in

\$30,000 houses. When those boys began telling us that it was all quite all right if you could get away with it, I felt we must do something better than preach about it. But we met the chilly attitude of those who felt that a preacher had no business monkeying with anything outside his church; it was especially bad for him to mix political action with theological discourse. When the housecleaning finally came, it came at the hands of enraged citizens' groups. When the Clergy Club got together after the election to compare notes, we could not find that we had changed a single vote or had the least influence on the most important event in our community.

So I quit the Church. I quit without the guilty consciousness that I had ever preached anything I did not believe, but unpleasantly aware that I had pulled a lot of punches for the sake of sweet harmony in the pews, particularly on the questions of war, peace, brotherhood and good will. The idea was to keep your ear to the ground and find out what would make your church strong and popular and "a power in the community," and let them have it. The

Church was not so much a clearing-house for spiritual truth as it was a platform for creedal propaganda; in nine out of ten pulpits the instinct for self-preservation and propagation takes swift precedence over the call to preach the Kingdom of God. World peace and brotherhood seemed a lot more important to me than denominational preservation.

Perhaps I'm all wrong. Perhaps if I had stayed in and fought it out I might have died with the satisfaction of having "fought the good fight" as a good Christian soldier. Perhaps, if I had not realized that this was not my own peculiar problem but the problem of the American Protestant ministry in general, I could have done that. But it was so much easier and quicker to get into the front lines of the fight outside the Church, minus all the encumbering ecclesiastical hindrances of the ministry. Perhaps, if we had remained, things might have changed in the Church and the opportunity presented itself in some hidden, unexpected spot; but I didn't want to waste golden years waiting for that spot to turn up. After all, I'll only live once.

TSARS AND KAISERS WERE LIBERALS

BY MAX NOMAD

NEXT to the pun, the practical joke is the lowest form of humor. Yet this seems to be the kind of amusement selected by history as an escape from the boredom of time. In its choice of victims history plays no favorites. The great and the lowly, the brave and the craven may all expect, sooner or later, to be kicked in an undignified sector. And history's favorite device for this practical foolery is revolution. The Russian upheaval of 1917 and the German breakdown of 1918, for instance, now seem ghastly jokes — not only on the rulers of the two nations but on their subjects as well.

Few of their people mourned the downfall of the Kaiser and the Tsar. Most Germans hated the arrogant scion of the robber barons who by luck and chicanery had become masters of one of the most civilized nations of the world. Most Russians feared the cruel stupidity of the degenerate descendant of semi-Asiatic despots. The passing of more than two decades has made no change in this basic judgment of

the regime of the Prussian Junkers and the Tsarist bureaucracy. Yet those who lived in pre-war Germany and pre-war Russia cannot help feeling a certain nostalgia for the old days, now that they view them through Hitlerism and Stalinism. Which is where history's practical joking comes in. Life under the Kaiser, and even under the Tsar, seems amazingly free when contrasted with the "national socialism" administered by Hitler and the "proletarian socialism" under Stalin. By comparison with their current successors, Wilhelm Hohenzollern and Nikolai Romanoff look like old-fashioned liberals!

To be sure, life was scarcely inspiring to a western-minded liberal under the rule of the Kaiser. When Wilhelm mounted the throne near the end of the past century, civilized Europe had accepted the idea that royalty was at best a traditional ornament not endowed with any real power. Even Wilhelm's father and grandfather had left politics to their Iron Chancellor. But not so Wilhelm II. He took

seriously all the claptrap about the divine right of monarchs, and believed all the flatteries of his courtiers. In one of his addresses to army recruits the Kaiser made the famous remark that they owed him blind submission and that in view of the frequent labor troubles they might have to shoot down their own parents if he so ordered. Again, in addressing soldiers starting on the punitive expedition against the Boxer uprising in China, he encouraged them to behave like "Huns," so that Germany should be forever respected in Asia.

He showed as little restraint in matters of culture. Speaking of modern art he uttered his famous "*Die ganze Richtung passt mir nicht*" (The whole trend does not suit me), the obscurantist impudence of which was matched only by its unconscious humor. After seeing Gerhart Hauptmann's *Weavers*, one of the masterpieces of its time, he indignantly gave up the box that had been placed at his disposal. He was equally reactionary in matters of what he believed to be science. The only "serious" book he ever read was the notorious *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, a renegade Englishman-turned-German. That pseudo-scholarly

concoction deified the German race and helped create the German megalomania from which so many members of an otherwise intelligent nation are suffering. The Kaiser became one of the most ardent publicity agents of this pre-Nazi bible, which to a large extent formed the mind of Adolf Hitler.

But despite all this oratorical, esthetic, and scientific frightfulness life was tolerable under the Kaiser's regime, even to those who opposed him. The soldier, told to kill father and mother, hardly ever had the opportunity. Strikes were no crime, as they have become under Hitler. Occasional heavy sentences against radicals seem mild compared with what any prisoner can expect in a Gestapo jail or concentration camp today. Radical editors went to prison for *lèse-majesté*; but after a year's seclusion they were back at their desks, covered with glory and, possibly, some additional flesh. Today, if a prisoner ever does get out, he is usually crippled in body and mind.

Under the Kaiser it was not a crime to call oneself a republican, or even an anarchist, and to spread subversive ideas through speeches or newspapers. In Parliament, Socialists could with impunity insult the Hohenzollern family by stating, as one of them did, that "the

breaking of one's word belongs, so to speak, to the lofty traditions of the Prussian ruling dynasty." Three years later the man who had spoken those words was elected Vice-Chairman of the Reichstag. Anyone making similar remarks about Hitler and his entourage today would rot in a prison cell.

There were no purges under Wilhelm II. Hardly anyone was hated by the Kaiser more than his two former chancellors, Bismarck and Bülow, who told him in so many words that he was a meddling fool. Yet the two died in their beds with the highest titles of nobility bestowed upon them by their ruler. For contrast, let us recall how Hitler's former intimates (like Gregor Strasser, once his political teacher and manager of his campaigns, and Captain Roehm) were murdered without trial when they disagreed with the Führer. Nor did the Kaiser's predilection for Houston Chamberlain's anti-Semitic trash prevent Jewish scholars like Professor Ehrlich, Jewish artists like Max Liebermann, or Jewish businessmen like Albert Ballin from attaining the highest honors.

Wilhelm's taste in literature and art was that of any Prussian backwoods squire. He loved heroic plays glorifying his ancestors, and his favorite authors were Major Lauff

and Ernst von Wildenbruch, whose very names evoked a contemptuous smile from all lovers of literature. But there was no Goebbels law forbidding criticism of the imperial taste. Writers and artists in disfavor with the Kaiser were played in all theatres, read in all libraries, and exhibited in art galleries. And they could enjoy the rewards of their effort. Now writers and artists unacceptable to the new masters are in exile or concentration camps, or silenced.

II

Life was less pleasant under the Tsar. Nicholas II was no mere mediocrity like his Prussian cousin; he was of subnormal intelligence. He trusted advisers who, though reared in European schools, knew no other way to maintain their rule except brutality — which reflected their realization that no other methods would maintain the privileges of a very thin upper crust of the population.

Two geographical names are symbolic of the system of government prevailing under the last Tsar. One is Kishinev, a city in Bessarabia. In 1903 it witnessed a ghastly massacre of defenseless Jews, organized by the police authorities. The other geographical

name was Lena, a Siberian river in a region containing rich gold fields. In 1912 the workers in that section struck for better wages. The government's answer was a massacre (of Russians, this time) which shocked the world. Nevertheless, Tsarist tyranny can stand favorable comparison with the "freedom" inaugurated by Bolshevism. The Bolshevik government has done away with Jewish *pogroms*. Yet more Jews have been shot by order of Stalin for opposing *his* system than had been murdered in all the *pogroms* put together. They were shot as malcontents, but their fate was just as much plain murder as if they had been killed for belonging to an unpopular race.

Treatment of the great black mass of peasants under the Tsars was brutal enough. Yet it seems mild now, against the fresh memory of the Soviet regime's forcible methods of "collectivizing" the *mujiks*. Nothing in a thousand years of Muscovite horror can compare for inhumanity with the so-called "liquidation of kulaks" — the uprooting and exile of at least 5,000,000 men, women and children — and the subsequent man-made famine of 1932-33.

Such outrages under the name of justice as the celebrated Mendel Beilis case could not occur in Sta-

lin's Russia. In 1911, Beilis, whose only crime was his race and religion, was accused of murdering a boy for "ritual" purposes. The falseness of the accusation was transparent. The government knew that the boy was the victim of thieves on whom he had squealed. But the Cabinet in St. Petersburg and the prosecutor in Kiev needed a scapegoat for popular discontents and Beilis served the purpose. Yet they could not prevent the greatest legal talents and Christian theological experts from exposing the stupidity of the charge. And they could not prevent the acquittal of Beilis.

Twenty-five years later dictator Stalin staged trials to discredit those within his own party who were opposed to his personal tyranny. Among the victims were heroes of the revolution and practically all the intimate associates of the revered Lenin. The accused men, though civilians, were judged by a military court before which they were forced in devious ways to confess to incredible and impossible crimes. The trials were a mockery of the idea of justice — rehearsed mock trials, without real defense or tangible evidence. The convicted men were executed within twenty-four hours after these make-believe proceedings. Such is the

state of Russian justice after the overthrow of the most barbarous and unscrupulous tyranny of its time.

Viewed from the vantage point of today, the Tsar's treatment of political dissenters bordered on comparative philanthropy. There were summary trials in the old Russia, followed by executions; and there were outrageous floggings in prison. But these sadistic outbursts were counterbalanced by occasional amnesties, or, at worst, by the release of the prisoners after their terms expired. Moreover, every prisoner could keep in touch with his relatives and friends, at least during the reign of the last three Tsars. Not one of the future leaders of the Soviet state would have survived if the Tsarist handling of enemies had been half as harsh as under the future Cheka and GPU. Exiled and sometimes imprisoned revolutionaries could continue their studies and writings; often they wrote to the Petersburg library for research materials — and received them!

All this "bourgeois sentimentality" has been done away with. Once a person has been arrested for a political offense in Stalin's domain, he disappears utterly and completely. Even his body is not returned to his family if he is

executed. The prisoner himself rarely knows the crime of which he is accused. His term is frequently extended without notice or excuse after he has served it. Contact with the family is rare and permitted only in the case of very mild sentences. Conditions in prison camps, exile places, and "isolators" are everywhere as bad as under Tsarism and in many places much worse. The victims are not permitted to write. Indeed, they are treated as ordinary criminals, without that saving satisfaction of the status of "politicals" allowed by the Tsars.

And finally there is the matter of sheer magnitude. For every political outcast in the old Russia, there are hundreds in the new. Statistics, of course, are not available. Yet the evidence is overwhelming that Bolshevism has created a prison and prison camp population of millions, startlingly larger than under the old regime.

III

The Tsarist system used to be described as "despotism mitigated by assassination." The reference was to the many terrorist acts committed against the representatives of the regime. But under the Tsars only the direct participants in attempts at assassination were held respon-

sible. Today anyone who decides to commit such an act must be ready not only to sacrifice his own life, but also to jeopardize his family. After the assassination of Tsar Alexander II, in 1881, not more than six persons were executed, though the Tsarist government at that time held hundreds of revolutionists in its prisons. The murder of Sergei Kirov, a Bolshevik dignitary, by a solitary disgruntled young communist in 1934 was immediately avenged by the execution of one hundred and sixteen persons who had nothing to do with the act. Thousands more have been killed off and imprisoned since then, directly or indirectly for the Kirov assassination.

If peasants became unruly or workers went on strike in old Russia, they were brutally shot down and the news spread abroad. Not so the Bolsheviks. Eager for the sympathies of the workers of the world, they use a technique of suppression which is more efficient and less noisy. Children are brought up in the schools to act as informers against their own parents and are rewarded if they deliver them to the police. And when entire regions oppose some measure by passive resistance, the reply of the government is mass starvation, such as Stalin resorted to in 1932; between

four and six million peasants were left to starve to death as a result of a sowing strike, although the administration had sufficient supplies to prevent the catastrophe.

The reduction of illiteracy is usually mentioned as the great dividing line between the barbarism prior to 1917 and the "new civilization" inaugurated by the Revolution. At bottom, however, it is a moot question which system is more inhuman — that which leaves a large section of the population in total ignorance, as did the Tsarist regime; or that which shuts the whole nation off from all sources of information except those approved by the ruling bureaucracy.

Censorship is a thousand times more rigid under the Stalin regime than it had ever been under the Tsars. Works by Marx, Plekhanov, Lenin, radical periodicals, and even Bolshevik newspapers, could be freely published and circulated in Tsarist Russia for many years before the Revolution of 1917. No paper not in absolute agreement with the regime has been permitted to appear for twenty years in Soviet Russia. Discussions of the "party line," tolerated until 1927, have been discontinued since Stalin became the uncontested boss. The publishing of a book on politics, economics or sociology not in con-

formity with the strict tenets of official theology is unthinkable.

Under the Tsar, Gorky, Andreyev, and scores of other writers could publish or produce anything, despite their anti-Tsarist stand. Works of art or science, whether by liberals, atheists, or other non-conformists, were rarely interfered with. Under the regime of Stalin no scientist or artist is safe if he runs afoul of some official dogma or other. Certain theories of genetics — such as held by the world famous scientist Vavilov — are declared taboo because of their alleged “bourgeois” implications. Even before Stalin attained supreme power, operas and plays, such as *Lohengrin*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Werther*, Schiller’s *Maria Stuart*, Dostoyevsky’s *Brothers Karamazov*, were banned by the Bolshevik censor because of their “ideological” inadequacy. Now well-known Soviet writers, like Pilnyak suddenly disappear from the shelves of bookstores or from the theatre, and stop writing altogether because of doubtful orthodoxy. Or the dictator himself orders the silencing of the works of a composer — as in the case of Shostakovich — because such music went over his head.

Such is the practical joke played

by history on two great nations, Germany and Russia. But history was merely repeating an old pattern. After the liberation of Italy from foreign yokes, the land-hungry and overtaxed peasants still complained. “Why do you grumble?” they were asked. “Have you forgotten the time of Austrian and Bourbon rule, when it was worse?” “That’s true,” the peasants would reply, “but when it was worse it was better.” A similar story is told about Bosnia, when it had been snatched from the Turks by the Austrians. “Why do you grumble?” an Austrian official asked a discontented peasant. “Don’t you remember the time of Turkish rule, when at the sight of a Bey or Pasha you had to get off your horse and strike the ground with your forehead?” “Yes, that is true,” the Bosnian explained. “Now I don’t have to do it any more. The Austrian tax collector took away my horse.”

In Russia and in Germany, under slogans of “liberation,” new tyrants have arisen who make their predecessors seem desirable by contrast. Between the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs, and the new Hitlers and Stalins, who among their subjects would not prefer the bad old days?

► *The record proves that academic freedom and war don't go together.*

TEACHERS IN WARTIME

BY LUCILLE B. MILNER AND GROFF CONKLIN

THE struggle for freedom of teaching has been unceasing in America — in Colonial days, through the Revolutionary period and the Civil War. But during and since the World War, teachers' freedom has been abused as never before. More teachers were dismissed or disciplined, and more laws were passed interfering with teaching and the school curriculum than in any time in our history.

Long before the end of 1917, boards of education were disciplining teachers suspected of pro-Germanism, pacifism or "disloyalty." College authorities set up a reign of terror among faculty members. Educational organizations, notably the American Association of University Professors and the National Educational Association, issued statements decrying "sedition" or anti-war speech or activity on the part of their members. Teachers spied upon and accused their associates. Parents' associations, and even individual parents, often acting upon the statements of their children, agi-

tated for dismissal or other punishment of teachers believed to hold unpopular views. Patriotic organizations filled the schools with militaristic propaganda, examined textbooks, and pressed for legislation to make patriotism compulsory. Violence was used in attempts to secure conformity.

The earliest attacks on teachers hinged on their German nationality or pro-German opinions. Even association with someone of German extraction was ground for investigation. Lucinia Hopkins, a school teacher of Bucksport, Maine, was dismissed in 1918 because she took driving lessons from an unnaturalized German. Mary Buerger, daughter of a Civil War veteran, whose husband was an unnaturalized German, was dismissed from the Los Angeles schools as "in law a disloyal alien enemy."

In Iowa, Leon Battig, a teacher whose opposition to the war was religious, was suspected of "disloyalty." He was kidnapped by a mob, stripped to the waist, and his

entire body and head, except his eyes, were painted yellow, after which he was marched around the public square carrying a flag. Professor William A. Schaper, head of the Department of Political Science of the University of Minnesota, was accused by an informer of being "rabidly pro-German." After a two-hour star chamber session the Board of Regents summarily dismissed him with only one month's salary.

Closely allied to the charge of "pro-Germanism" was that of "disloyalty" based on pacifist or anti-war beliefs. Dorothy Adams was dismissed from a school in Nevada and her license was revoked because she had expressed "anti-war sentiment," had refused to have patriotic songs in the school, and had shown "disrespect for the flag and for our National Anthem." A Louisiana teacher, a religious conscientious objector, was removed because she would not endorse the war or aid in the sale of Liberty Bonds. Samuel Schmalhausen was discharged from De Witt Clinton High School in New York for "unbecoming conduct" when he failed to censure three of his pupils on moral and patriotic grounds for writing compositions critical of the government's war and Liberty Loan policies.

In the academic world, Dr. Simon Patten, for nearly thirty years professor of economics in the University of Pennsylvania, was dismissed for sponsoring an anti-war meeting in Philadelphia addressed by David Starr Jordan. Professor James McKeen Cattell was expelled from Columbia University for writing a letter to his Congressman in support of non-combatant service for conscientious objectors, and Professor H. W. L. Dana for membership in an anti-war organization. Professor Charles A. Beard resigned from Columbia in protest against these infringements of academic freedom. All these are only examples of a widespread condition.

II

Even after the War, teachers were still under fire for opinions held during the War. Louis Jacobs, a conscientious objector who had served in the Friends Reconstruction Unit, was refused reinstatement in the New York schools in 1919. Two teachers in New York high schools were brought up on charges and threatened with dismissal in 1922 because of a letter they had signed in 1918 advocating non-combatant service for conscientious objectors, and a third

teacher was charged with stating in 1918 that reports of German atrocities had been exaggerated. As late as 1931, one of the determining factors in the dismissal of Brent Allinson from the Cleveland Schools was his record as a conscientious objector during the war.

Dismissal was not the only punitive measure. Teachers were plainly told what they could say and many were silenced as effectively as if they had been forced out of the schools. "Investigation or threat of investigation in a few cases," Howard K. Beale points out in his exhaustive study, *Are American Teachers Free?*, "was sufficient to frighten nearly all teachers into 'loyalty' of the current school-official brand." Demotion and transfer to inconvenient posts and retirement "for disability" were employed as coercive measures. Loyalty pledges and certificates of morality were required, and suspects had to submit to a virtual inquisition.

The damage done by this repression received belated recognition by some educators after the war. The Public Education Association of New York created a Reconstruction Committee which condemned the "intellectual reign of terror against teachers suspected of independent opinion" during the war.

John L. Tildsley, who as Associate Superintendent of Schools in New York City during the period of the worst repression was responsible for silencing many teachers, declared in 1934 that this violation of freedom in wartime was a great mistake. Some scattered attempts were made to right individual wrongs, but none comparable to that of the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota, who in 1938 reinstated Professor William A. Schaper in the position he was forced to vacate in 1917. Professor Schaper was paid \$5000 in reparation for loss of salary and invited to return to the University.

The effect of the World War hysteria is evident in the laws prescribing loyalty oaths for teachers and placing special restrictions on the teaching profession. Laws requiring special oaths of loyalty were not new. A Pennsylvania law of Revolutionary days required a test of loyalty of all teachers, and many Quakers were jailed for refusal to take the oath or pay the fine. Laws requiring oaths of allegiance of all public officers, including teachers, were passed in a number of states during and after the Civil War. It was not, however, until the World War and after that the movement gained real headway. Twenty-one states

have enacted "loyalty oath" laws, passed in all but one (Nevada) during or since the war. The Nevada law, adopted in 1866, was used as a model.

Few teachers were courageous enough during the war to refuse to take the oath. Ellen Kennan and Gertrude Nafe were dismissed from the Colorado schools in 1918 for refusing on conscientious grounds. Elizabeth B. Peckham, a Quaker, refused because she believed the movement to "smack of politics," and because she would not swear to "respect" a certain high official whom she did not respect. The Commissioner of Education prepared a modified pledge which Miss Peckham did sign.

Supporters of the loyalty oath laws contend that there can be no objection to teachers taking a pledge required of many public officers, but an examination of these laws clearly reveals that teachers as a group have been singled out to take a special pledge quite different from the oath required of public officers. A Rhode Island teacher, for example, in addition to an oath of allegiance, must pledge "respect for public servants entrusted for the time being with the functions of government." The South Dakota law disqualifies any teacher "who

shall have publicly reviled, ridiculed or otherwise spoken or acted with disrespect and contumacy toward the flag of the United States."

One of the first of the laws restricting teachers during the war was the New York law of 1917 (still on the statute books) which provided for the removal from the schools of any teacher or employee "for the utterance of any treasonable or seditious . . . word." The Legislature of 1918, 1919, and 1921, on the recommendation of the Lusk Committee, provided additional "qualifications" for teachers. Applicants were required to obtain "certificates of good moral character" and must be citizens, "loyal and obedient" to the government of the state and of the United States. These measures were vetoed by Governor Alfred E. Smith with a ringing message which condemned them as depriving teachers of their right to freedom of thought. "The test established" he declared, "is not what the teacher teaches but what the teacher believes." The bills were passed again by the 1921 Legislature and signed by Governor Miller. Wide public protest followed and in 1923, under the leadership of Smith, again Governor, the laws were repealed.

III

Laws compelling the teaching of "patriotism" are a direct outgrowth of the war spirit. Twenty states passed such laws, all during or shortly after the war. California was the first in 1917, followed in 1918 by South Dakota, Texas and New York. The South Dakota law requires an hour a week to be devoted to "teaching of patriotism, the singing of patriotic songs, the reading of patriotic addresses and the study of the lives and history of American patriots." In Pennsylvania the Superintendent of Instruction must prescribe courses "conducive to loyalty and devotion to state and national governments." In Washington failure to inculcate upon pupils "the principles of patriotism or to train them up to a true comprehension of the rights, duty and dignity of American citizenship" is ground for revocation of teachers' certificates.

Laws forbidding the employment of non-citizens as teachers, requiring the teaching of all subjects in English only, and banning the teaching of foreign languages to children under the eighth grade were enacted as early as 1915 in California, Michigan and Nevada. The Lusk Committee was respon-

sible for a similar measure in New York in 1918, which was used as a model in eighteen other states. Twenty-nine states adopted the German language laws which the U. S. Supreme Court held unconstitutional in a test case brought under the Nebraska statute.

The same distrust and fear which inspired wartime legislation restricting teachers' freedom led to feverish examination and revision of the teaching of history. During the war, European history was altered to reflect discredit upon the Germans and glorify the Allies. Text-books were searched and historical "facts" chosen, sifted and revised to meet the needs of war propaganda. Some authors agreed to revise their texts in accordance with the demands. Nor did American history escape the censors. Willis Mason West's *Ancient World* was disapproved because it stated that the early Teutonic invasions of the Roman Empire introduced "fresh blood and youthful minds" into the decadent stream of Roman civilization. Histories by James Harvey Robinson, Charles A. Beard, George W. Botsford and Philip Van Ness Myers were attacked by patriotic societies as showing a pro-German bias. School boards condemned the books.

Teachers and school adminis-

trators were soon subjected to a new set of pressures. Protests against pro-German teaching and texts gave way in the early 'twenties to a violent anti-British campaign. Historians were criticized for minimizing the American Revolution and for not sufficiently glorifying American war heroes. Histories by David Saville Muzzey, Andrew C. McLaughlin, Albert Bushnell Hart, John P. O'Hara, C. H. Van Tyne, William B. Guitteau were banned. Willis Mason West, previously attacked for pro-Germanism, was now under fire because his *Story of Human Progress* made Germany primarily responsible for the war. The American Legion undertook to write an American history having the "inspiration of patriotism" and expressing on "every page a vivid love of America."

Investigations were instituted in New York, Boston and Chicago where Mayor Bill Thompson attacked Superintendent of Schools William McAndrew for the use of "Anglicised school histories." New York and Wisconsin enacted drastic legislation and eight states followed with similar laws. The New York law, recommended by the

Lusk Committee and passed in 1918, prohibited the use of any textbook which contained statements seditious in character, disloyal to the United States or favorable to the cause of any enemy country. The Wisconsin statute, enacted in 1923, banned any history "which falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence, or the War of 1812 or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government."

War gives a new impetus to the activities of various pressure groups seeking to influence education; the effect of this is felt long after war ends. Propaganda techniques have vastly improved since the first World War, and unless teachers and school administrators are prepared to meet even more powerful pressures and to resist the war hysteria which is already beginning to develop in the "national emergency," freedom of teaching will break down completely in the United States if we become involved in the second World War.

CORRUPTION, BOSTON STYLE

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

HE is now a fugitive from justice. If he is caught, High Sheriff John F. Dowd of Suffolk County will be locked up in the very jail where once the prisoners cooked lavish meals for him, blacked his boots, polished his car, and waited like slaves upon his every whim. His private cocktail bar in the jail has been demolished. His gang has been thrown out, and there is a new tenant in the beautiful house, furnished by the County for its high sheriff, overlooking the Charles. When he disappeared last December, Sheriff Dowd had with him upward of \$100,000, which he got by selling their jobs to deputy sheriffs, jail guards, clerks, stenographers and scrubwomen.

Some of the prisoners miss the sheriff. Take former City Treasurer Edmund L. Dolan and J. Walter Quinn. These two prisoners, both on the boards of many corporations from breweries to race-tracks, are serving time for contempt of court over a little matter of jury fixing. They had been living in the hospital wing of the jail, a pleasant

place with ping-pong tables, radio, books, and a solarium with deck chairs. For more than a year they had been having their meals sent in from the city's best hotels. Anybody in the jail who could afford to pay Dowd's rates could have the same comfortable accommodations and extensive privileges.

Dowd was not the only person selling jobs in the county. His ally and associate, John Patrick Connolly, Clerk of the Court, had been doing the same thing in the courthouse, and levying his personal tax upon job holders, who paid or got fired. There was even a neat plan afoot to capture every political office in the county, and to sell not only jobs, but nolle-prosses and a guaranteed jury-fixing service.

The processes of justice in Boston and Suffolk County are often bewildering. Dowd and Connolly, for instance, were not turned up by the district attorney, the police, or any other public functionary. An indignant private citizen, one Reuben Lurie, backed by the Boston Bar Association, did the job. So the

story is not all shadows: if it is remarkable for political corruption, it is no less noteworthy for the courage and public spirit of honest men.

Boston is fast accumulating the most amazing political portrait gallery in the country. There is, for instance, ex-Governor and ex-Mayor James M. Curley, whose case is pending before the State Supreme Court; Boston is trying to recover \$35,000 which the city says belongs to it and not to him. There are City Treasurer Dolan and his associate J. Walter Quinn, already mentioned. Ex-State Representative Robert Dinsmore is doing a stretch for complicity with the two of them. Charles McGlue, a former chairman of the Democratic State Committee, is now at Plymouth Jail for an income tax violation; High Sheriff Dowd is a fugitive, Clerk of Court John Patrick Connolly has been sentenced to three years in state prison. Former Schoolhouse Commissioner James J. Egan, a partner of dog-track tycoon Edward J. O'Hare (murdered by gangsters in Chicago), was removed because of his connection with a dog-racing track. He has recently been fined \$5000 for tax evasion. And though I hate to confuse you, the next sentence is not a misprint. In an investigation,

the numbers, pool and race-track booking agent inside the jail turned out to be the Reverend William M. Forgrave, former superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Massachusetts, now doing two and a half years for larceny.

There are a number of other indictments and investigations in the mill. The granting of pardons under the last state administration is being examined. One of those pardoned was Raymond L. S. Patriarca, Rhode Island's Public Enemy No. 1, who got out of state prison after serving eighty-four days of two three-to-five-year terms for armed robbery, to the dismay of the district attorneys of Norfolk and Worcester who worked hard to put him there. The Bar Association may investigate other offices here and there. Later, there are fourteen or sixteen murders to be solved by somebody, but they will just have to wait.

II

The heart of any Massachusetts county is the jail, because the sheriff, head of the county ring and one of the largest public employers, lives there in the county's house at the county's expense, usually with more servants than he knows what to do with, all "trus-

ties." The Sheriff is a large purchaser of food and supplies and has a fairly free hand. He is elected for a six-year term, and the office is a prize political plum; for in six years, with thousands of prisoners, all voters, coming and going, and a few hundred employees working under him, he can build up a solid political machine and get himself re-elected, term after term, for life. The man Dowd defeated in 1938 was old and dying. Sheriff John A. Keliher had retired from Congress twenty-two years ago to the Suffolk County Jail. Long before election day it was known that he could not live. On election day he was in a coma, and that night he died. Dowd, who had spent an estimated \$40,000 in the campaign for an office paying \$4000 a year, was elected. A few days later Governor Charles F. Hurley appointed him to fill Keliher's unexpired term.

Dowd had trained for the job in James M. Curley's Roxbury Tammany Ward. He was born in the ward, a rough, tough section, in 1894. Although his formal education ended with grammar school, he was a smart boy and knew even at fourteen that working was the hard way to get a living. Lads in the Tammany Ward take to politics as instinctively as Beacon Hill

boys to tennis, and Dowd was shouting his immature opinions in the Tammany Club even before he was old enough to vote. By the time he was twenty-one he was one of Curley's battery of public speakers. When war was declared he enlisted, served eighteen months, and came back a lieutenant of artillery. A hero now, he became an active member of Mayor Curley's machine. In 1921, the Mayor gave him a salaried job as Director of Americanization, and three years later made him a member of his secretarial staff. Then Dowd decided to try his political wings, and became a candidate for the Boston City Council. A councillor's salary is \$38.38 a week, yet some candidates have spent outrageous sums to be elected. The council has some patronage; it also authorizes the expenditure of large sums of money.

In the meantime Dowd had acquired two profitable sidelines: a florist's business which enabled him to render bills for political service that could not be turned up in investigations except as gardenias or violets; and an annual Christmas-basket fund for the poor of Ward Eight. He collected large sums for this fund, and never made an accounting. As Christmas approached he solicited donations from meat

and provision wholesalers. Curiously, this philanthropic business actually did some good for the poor of the ward.

Dowd was not ambitious for political advancement. From the beginning he aspired merely to become High Sheriff, head of the county ring, with \$3,500,000 to spend annually. In 1932 he thought the time was ripe, and announced his candidacy. He was small and chunky, dark, with hair parted in the middle and a scar on the right side of his face. He dressed well. He had a small ward organization, a number of political friends in other wards, a few speculative campaign contributors who hoped to be rewarded. He was noisy and quick to jump to the popular side of an issue, and as a councillor he had been well advertised. But he was no match for the county ring. He not only lost but wound up in the bankruptcy court. He remained in the City Council, though, and was re-elected. Two years later, he was chosen President of the Council; and on occasions, during the Mayor's absence, he was Acting Mayor. By 1938, when he again decided that with the right support he could defeat the ailing Sheriff, there had been a few near-scandals: rumblings about the sale of jobs to WPA and welfare

workers in his ward, and questions about welfare slips. But these had been effectively silenced, and Dowd got the needed support.

As Sheriff he took over more than 200 permanent employees, and an average of 275 prisoners serving two and a half years or less. The regular salaried employees were chiefly married men with families, most of whom had years of service behind them. The scrubwomen were widows or wives of invalid husbands, hired because they needed the jobs badly. Dowd let them all know right away that the only way to have security while he was Sheriff was to buy it; and he put a price on every job at his disposal. Twenty-six scrubwomen getting \$18 a week were ordered to pay \$200 to \$250 each. One, a widow supporting an invalid son, could not raise the money and was fired. The price of security for the guards was much higher, from \$500 to \$2500. Deputy sheriffs were taxed initial payments up to \$2500. In Massachusetts counties, where fees paid to deputy sheriffs for serving writs and legal processes are part of their compensation, these fees are commonly pooled and divided equally each month among all deputies. Dowd told the deputies he would take \$500 a month from their pool. Then he

went to the City Council, where he had been President, asked for a \$2000 raise, and did not get it.

The employees were helpless. Some withdrew their savings from banks; others went to loan sharks and pledged their automobiles, household furniture, salaries. Those who owned homes mortgaged them. A number failed to raise the necessary money and were fired. One was driven insane by his dismissal and died in a state hospital. Jobs made vacant by dismissals Dowd sold at fancy prices. A jail officer's berth brought \$3000, almost two years' salary. Dowd even sold jobs that were not his to give, and a number of would-be jobholders paid him for a promise only.

III

The demoralization of the employees was mild, however, compared with the demoralization and corruption in the jail itself. Any prisoner could have anything he wanted as long as he paid for it. Dowd ordered the doors opened between the men's and women's wings. He ordered that cell doors of all prisoners who paid the price be left open. City Treasurer Dolan and his associate, Quinn, were removed to the hospital wing, not because they were ill, but because

it was sunny and pleasant. Prisoners were invited to have their friends visit them at any hour of the day or night — "and when I say night," the chief jail officer told the Commissioner of Correction, "I mean night, not evening." Men and women were allowed to visit one another at all hours. The Sheriff walked around among the cells, visiting prisoners, drinking with them, and inquiring as solicitously as a hotel manager whether everything was all right. Prisoners used the telephone to conduct private business or place bets at the local tracks. Forgrave became the jail bookie, making the rounds of cells to collect wagers. The jail became known in the underworld as "Hospitality Hall," and discharged prisoners were coming back to see inmates, a thing never permitted in any jail.

Prisoners threw their own lavish parties in the jail. Trustees were driving jail cars all over the city. Some of the wealthy prisoners visited the municipal golf links occasionally. Eddie O'Hare often came on from Chicago to discuss race-track matters with City Treasurer Dolan. One prisoner asked permission to attend the funeral of a politician in an adjoining city, and agreed to pay the expenses of a jail guard to accom-

pany him. The two set off, and at supper-time had not returned; at nine, when lights were normally extinguished in cells, they were still missing. At two the following morning a deputy was awakened by the clang of the front door bell. He found the prisoner and his guard on the step, both very drunk. "I've been trying to get this guy to come back since four o'clock yesterday afternoon," the prisoner complained, "but no, he wouldn't come. He wanted to go night-clubbing."

It was a gay place. I went there once to attend a wedding, and discovered that a rival newspaperman had already signed up the bride and groom for exclusive pictures and *The Bride's Own Story: I Married a Convict*.

Prisoners without money were alternately well and poorly fed, depending upon the state of the larder at the moment. But they had butter three times a day, an unheard of luxury in a jail, because the Sheriff had a contract with a certain firm for large quantities of butter. Of course there was a financial cut for the Sheriff in all food contracts for the jail. Although cell doors were seldom locked, the locks were changed or repaired once a month because a locksmith paid the Sheriff for the privilege.

The collapse of all discipline for prisoners had a strange effect upon the guards. Dowd would berate them before assembled prisoners. In his opinion a guard, turnkey or "screw" was at heart a stool-pigeon or a cop; he had nothing but contempt for them, and said so. Guards and prison officials became the servants and errand boys of the prisoners, who ordered guards about, had them rustle up drinks, mail letters or make telephone calls, and rewarded them with insults. Prisoners had access to arms and ammunition, but none had any intention of making a break for freedom. This was a comfortable and painless way of paying their so-called debt to society. The guards, however, came to be afraid for their lives.

This was the state of affairs on an afternoon last summer when Attorney Reuben Lurie walked into a vault in the office of John Patrick Connolly, Clerk of The Court, and found two women crying. "What's the matter?" he asked. They explained that their jobs had been sold over their heads to higher bidders. Nothing could be done about it, they said. Other girls who had been fired had gone to the attorney general, who sent them to the district attorney, but neither

could be interested in their complaints.

Lurie was an auditor for the Superior Court, and his business took him into the Clerk's office regularly. That afternoon he went back, and invited the two women to come to his down-town office for a talk. Although the matter was none of his business officially, he decided to make it his business. Reuben Lurie is well known in Boston and throughout New England. He presides at the New England Town Meeting of the Air and brings together college professors and public officials to discuss current topics and answer questions fired at them by the audience. He does the same thing at Ford Hall Forum, in the shadow of the State House, one of the last surviving temples to free speech. Lurie is scrupulously ethical and highly respected in his profession. He also knows his way around politically, and he had soon uncovered some startling things about the office of Clerk of the Civil Court.

Inevitably it was noised about the courthouse that Lurie was investigating. This made all politicians nervous. Since it was inconceivable to them that a man might undertake an investigation on his own hook, there were references immediately to the mysterious un-

known reformers at whose behest Lurie was supposedly moving. In the meantime, the grievance committee of the Bar Association had been receiving complaints about the office of the Clerk of the Civil Court. Damon E. Hall, president of the Boston Bar Association, heard that Lurie was investigating and sent for him. The result of their interview was that the investigation became the official business of the Bar Association.

When it was announced that the Bar Association was behind Lurie, a few grafters promptly packed their bags and got ready to leave town. Lurie called upon the employees of the Clerk's office at their homes, and gave each his personal assurance that he would remain undisturbed in his job and without having to pay to hold it, if he would tell to whom he was paying money, and how much. He got a signed affidavit from each of them, and when the case was completed, he filed the information with the court. Clerk Connolly resigned and a warrant was issued for his arrest. He surrendered to the district attorney.

A woman employee of the Clerk's office said to Lurie, "If you think things are bad here, you ought to drop around to the jail. They're much worse there. My

cousin works in the boiler room, and I know." He reported this to the Bar Association, and was authorized to investigate the jail. In a few days he had all the evidence he wanted. He filed it with the Supreme Court, and Dowd was ordered to appear and show cause why he should not be removed. Before the time of the hearing he disappeared and was picked up at 10:50 the following night on East 77th Street, New York, cut and bruised about the head; he refused to identify himself to the police. He had \$6,000 in his pocket, a gold Sheriff's badge and considerable jewelry. New York police wired Boston police to find out about him.

He was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where doctors found that he was also suffering from alcoholism. While Boston and New York reporters waited at the front door of the hospital for him to come out after his discharge the following day, he managed to slip out through a rear door. His head swathed in bandages and a strip of adhesive tape across his nose, he stepped into a waiting cab and was sped away. That's the last that has been seen of him, officially, although it is known that for some time he was hiding out in Mattapan, a suburb of Boston. He was

last heard of on his way to Brazil. Besides the Boston Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, five insurance companies are looking for him. They insured his life for \$136,000, and the semi-annual premiums are paid regularly.

His resignation was forwarded to Governor Leverett Saltonstall, who appointed an honest young school committeeman, Frederick R. Sullivan, to serve the five remaining years of Dowd's term. Sullivan immediately began to clean house. The Bar Association then laid this second investigation in the lap of the district attorney. Dowd was indicted by the grand jury. The two investigations were the least expensive the court ever had. They didn't cost the taxpayers a dime.

Nothing so wholesome has happened in Boston in two decades, and there is a growing public clamor to have the Bar Association establish a standing committee to police politics in Boston. Under the law, the Association's power in removals is restricted to elected and appointed officers in the judicial branch of government (all lawyers are officers of the court); but there is nothing to prevent it from conducting independent investigation into the legislative and administrative branches.

► *The Balkans boast an admiral without
a navy in a kingdom without a king:*

HUNGARY'S AMAZING HORTHY

BY EMIL LENGYEL

THE only head of a foreign country for whom Führer Hitler has deep respect is Hungary's Regent Governor Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya. Hitler invited the Hungarian Regent to visit him in August, 1938, and banging the table, demanded the absorption of Hungary's army by the military forces of the Reich. Horthy banged the table, too, and held his ground. Hungary's army still belongs to him. A year later, Hitler again banged the table, demanding that Horthy let German divisions traverse northern Hungary to outflank the Poles. Again Horthy banged back, and no German divisions were sent across Hungary. The Regent speaks a language Hitler understands. Horthy's entourage is firmly convinced that he has made a deep impression on the Führer.

Regent Horthy wears an Admiral's splendid uniform, but his country has no navy. He is head of a Kingdom which has no King. Although the first man of Hungary, he speaks Hungarian with an accent — in the Austro-Hungarian

navy, German was his language for forty years. His regime was the first in post-war Europe to set up concentration camps and to persecute the Jews; yet today he is the hope of all the anti-Hitlerites and Jews of Hungary. The belief has taken firm root that his country is safe as long as Horthy lives.

Horthy is seventy-two, but looks less than sixty. His eyes are excellent, his hands hold the hunter's rifle firmly, his step is springy, and he can still perform many tricks on horseback. His Admiral's uniform is studded with the decorations he received as an active sailor. He wears his cap at a young officer's rakish angle. He looks more English than Hungarian. He can converse with English, French, German, Italian, Spanish visitors in their own languages, and has a good knowledge of at least two Slavic tongues.

Regent Governor Horthy is today in the crowded company of three dictators. Hitler's Reich fills the horizon to the west and north. The Russians are Hungary's neigh-

bors for the first time in history, and if the Magyars dislike any one more than Hitler, his name is Stalin. Mussolini eyes Hungary from a distance, and Horthy considers him his country's best friend. "Don't worry, Madame," Il Duce told Mrs. Horthy on her recent visit to Italy, "the storm will pass." Horthy's country is part of Hitler's *Lebensraum*. No wheat is better than Hungary's. She is the largest producer of bauxite, needed by the Führer for aluminum. Still more important is her strategic position in the Danube valley. Should she fall, the brown flood would engulf the Balkans.

Stalin has kept mum about Hungary. Once a Russian army tramped into its plains. That was a century ago, when the Magyars fought their War of Independence against the Hapsburgs. The Russian soldiers extinguished Hungary's hope, in the name of the Holy Alliance, and the Magyars have not forgotten. Nor have they forgotten the three dismal months twenty-one years ago, when a native variety of Bolshevism was triumphant in their country under Bela Kun. Horthy thinks that Stalin has for the time being no direct designs on Hungary's independence. Il Duce's interest in Hungary is motivated by his de-

sire to maintain a balance of power in southeastern Europe. He knows that extension of the power of Hitler or Stalin would endanger Italy's position.

Hungary's game is thus vital for all Europe. Though its rôle is at this writing necessarily passive, the country, and therefore its iron Regent, may emerge suddenly on the main stage. Its ten million inhabitants are hopelessly outnumbered by Greater Germany's hundred million and Russia's hundred and eighty million — but the Magyars are the Finns' closest racial kinsmen and would exact a terrific price from any invader. Horthy believes that neither Hitler nor Stalin can just now afford to pay that price. They are interested in easier game. Meanwhile the Regent can play out one dictator against the other, yielding to the inevitable and preparing his fences.

Horthy is Hungary's key man. He can dismiss Premiers, as he has done repeatedly, and be sure that Parliament will always ratify his action. While it would probably be exaggerating to say that he has cornered the local market of political wires, he pulls more of them than Parliament, which indulges in bombastic speeches, or the Premier, who takes the bows and dodges rotten eggs. Hungarian law has

conferred immense powers on the Regent. His veto is so strong that it is almost impossible for Parliament to override it. His personal influence is even stronger. He has been in power for full twenty years — longer than Europe's other uncrowned heads — and he knows more about the diplomatic game than his Ministers. Around his person a legend has grown up. Hero worship is Hungary's favorite occupation, and Horthy is Hungary's mythical hero — perfect, infallible. He is the living symbol of Hungary's agitated independence, and peasants are awestruck in his exalted presence.

II

Regent Horthy is not a complicated person. His life has been spent in the sign of *Dienst*, duty. He served the Hapsburg Emperors with unquestioning loyalty as long as they were in power. When they were gone, he served his country's interests just as faithfully, and kicked out a Hapsburg who had returned to claim his throne. He is conservative and cautious by nature. He yields to reform only when it overwhelms him. Hungary is the last stronghold of feudalism in Europe, and Horthy has the feudal spirit. He upholds privilege

as a matter of duty, is impatient with weakness, and is sentimental about human misery. Born in the traditions of a Hungarian clan of masters, he does not feel inferior to any potentate. His temper is quick, and when it carries him away, he can shout Hitler. Above all, he has had fabulous luck so far.

Horthy was born into a family of landed gentry which traces its ancestry back to the thirteenth century. The modest family house is in the heart of the Hungarian Alföld, land of mirages and of tall wheat. His father was a Protestant, and took his five sons to the Protestant church of the village of Kenderes while his wife, a Catholic, took her daughters to the Mass. Religious differences did not, however, divide the family.

The Hungarian plains were too commonplace, and Nicholas was bent on adventure. Boats and the sea fascinated him, and at the age of ten he entered the elementary school of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy's Naval Academy at Fiume. He could not have made a luckier choice, as his remarkable career was to prove. The school was considered so important that students were accepted only with the endorsement of the Emperor himself. Hungarians are not a navy-

mindful people, and the boy's application was the sensation of the day. The Emperor was eager to have Magyars in his navy to counteract the influence of his Italian and South Slav subjects. The endorsement was cheerfully given.

For nearly forty years Horthy's life was linked to the fate of the Austro-Hungarian navy. He cruised around the world in a sailing frigate, providing the escort for an Austro-Hungarian scientific expedition into the South Seas. He met head-hunters and English Duchesses, and made a hit with both groups. The dance floor and the riding school attracted him more than books; he could sing and outdrink the best. He was tall and slender, with a long moustache and a collection of beautiful uniforms. He had self-confidence and electrifying vitality. What else was needed to reach the top? A wife, of course, and he got the best. Magda Purgly was one of those beautiful Hungarian girls who seem to have stepped out of fairy tales. Today, nearly sixty, Mrs. Horthy is still beautiful. Then she was the queen of the court balls, to which officers of the army and navy, *en passage* through Vienna, were invited. With her looks and brains she helped him to rise.

"Horthy is a lucky man," word spread in the Austro-Hungarian navy. What greater luck, indeed, could befall an officer than being attached to the Emperor's Embassy at Constantinople, in the capital of the dazzling Near East? At the beginning of the century the Turkish capital was not merely fascinating but also unsafe on occasion. Horthy was in command of the armored yacht *Taurus*, on which Austria's resident diplomats were to seek safety in an emergency. The Horthys were plunged into the delightful whirl of diplomatic life. Then the earth began to shake in the midst of merry-making. The revolution of the Young Turks broke out in 1908, attended by desultory shooting and stimulating excitement. Horthy reported the dramatic events of the day to his superiors at Vienna, and his graphic style attracted favorable attention.

The greatest honor was still in store for him. He received orders one day to report for duty as His Majesty's *aide-de-camp*. Horthy's luck now became proverbial. Not that the service was too easy. Emperor Franz Joseph was at his desk as early as five o'clock in the morning, and his aide had to report for duty at four. To do justice to his job, Horthy needed both luck

and tact. His predecessor had been dismissed from duty because, passing through Vienna with the Emperor in the imperial coach, he praised the beauty of a statue without being asked. Horthy knew when to hold his tongue and when to speak. The Emperor took such a liking to him that he extended his regular term by another year.

When World War I broke out, Horthy joined his ship at Pola, at the northern end of the Adriatic Sea. The Allies soon bottled up the Austro-Hungarian fleet, and swept the southern seas clear of enemy craft. So little was there for Horthy's sailors to do that their nerves were getting raw. He wanted action, and induced his superiors to undertake the Austrian navy's only bold expedition. His task was to break through the Allied blockade in the Straits of Otranto, between the heel of Italy and Albania. Superior forces overtook him, and for a few hours the fate of the Austrian navy was in his hands. Caught in the enemy barrage, he was wounded in the leg, but continued on the captain's bridge. He succeeded in outmaneuvering the enemy, and returned to port safely, winning one of his most dazzling decorations. He became a national hero overnight.

The old Emperor died. Young

Kaiser Karl ascended the throne, and was seized by a sense of impending doom. A mutiny broke out on board the idle ships. Although older officers held top ranks, the Emperor appointed Horthy commander-in-chief of the navy over their heads. "You're lucky," he told him, "you'll save my navy." But miracles were beyond Horthy's ken. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy collapsed, and it was Horthy's sad duty to turn over the navy to the newly formed South Slav government in exchange for a receipt. "I got this rag," he complained, "for our navy." The Emperor received him in audience, and both men wept. Three years later they were to meet anew, and then only one of them cried.

III

Emperor Karl went into exile, and Rear-Admiral Nicholas Horthy, his moustache gone, became a national hero on half-pension. Revolution swept Hungary, and the communists of Bela Kun seized power. Reaction set up a White government under the Allies' surveillance. In the shabby cafés of the town of Szeged the counter-revolutionary cabinet held its councils. It needed a man with a name, luck

and love of adventure. Horthy was the man, and he was appointed to create Hungary's national army. Peasants began to flock to the glittering uniform. The communists were out, the White Terror took its victims. Concentration camps were set up, labor unions smashed, Parliament was reduced to impotence. Any one with an impressive uniform, an authoritative voice and strong rope could constitute himself a court martial. Overcrowded jails echoed tortured shrieks. Horthy led his miniature army into Budapest. His admirers insisted that he condemned atrocities, but the underground Left wing held him guilty.

Hungary was cut to pieces, demoralized. Strong authority and luck were needed to rebuild the morale of the country. On March 1, 1920, the National Assembly at Budapest elected Rear-Admiral Nicholas Horthy Regent Governor of Hungary, with the title of "Serene Excellency." He could hold his job as long as he lived. The Regent moved into the sumptuous royal palace on the Danube and surrounded himself with a galaxy of beautiful uniforms. His admirers maintained that this was imperative in a country where the peasants associated authority with pomp.

In that beautiful palace Horthy received an unexpected guest on the brilliant Easter day of 1921. He was sitting at lunch when his adjutant entered, bent down and whispered into his ear. Horthy grew pale, rose hastily and left the room. In the adjoining room was ex-Emperor Karl, eating an apple. In his exile the young man had been made to believe that the Regent was merely keeping the throne warm for him. Now he was back in the palace of the Hapsburgs, wanting to appear extremely at ease, as if he were already at home, all smiles, ready to thank his subordinate for his faithful stewardship. What was Horthy to do? As a soldier, his first impulse was to obey his Supreme War Lord. But Hungary's neighbors were opposed to Hapsburg restoration. The Czechs were ready to march into Hungary and the other neighbors would have followed suit.

"Your Majesty," Horthy told the ex-Emperor, "I cannot deliver up the power of the government. It would lead to the ruin of the country."

Karl left the palace. Six months later he was back again in Hungary, accompanied by his wife, Zita, the stronger of the two. They landed from an airplane in Western

Hungary and were to lead their loyal soldiers against Budapest. But it was the season of beet harvest, and freight cars were not available for the troops. By the time they had collected enough wagons, the element of surprise was lost. A skirmish on the outskirts of the capital convinced the imperial couple that their cause was hopeless. A few days later they were in the Benedictine monastery of Tihany, overlooking Lake Balaton. Officially "guests," they were in reality Horthy's prisoners. This time the public opinion of the entire world was aroused. Zita was depicted in the press as an incorrigible plotter. Horthy asked the English government to find a St. Helena for the unlucky Hapsburg. A few months later Karl died on the island of Madeira. His son, Archduke Otto (who arrived in the United States in March to "study the federal system of government," probably in preparation for attempts to set up a "Danube Federation"), became the Pretender.

Hungary set to work, removing the ruins left by the World War. Governments came and went, swept away in a few months, or staying long, as that of Count Stephen Bethlen, Prime Minister for ten years. Peasants were landless and the government made a

half-hearted attempt to improve their lot. But there was nothing half-hearted about the way Horthy dealt with the Treaty of Trianon. Long before Hitler, he carried on a crusade against the "Versailles system." The Allies had restricted Hungary's army to 30,000 officers and men. But the capital was thronged with officers in resplendent uniforms, and clandestine conscription was introduced.

Il Duce became Horthy's patron. He set out to organize the haven countries of the Danube region with the idea of ultimately extending to them his protectorate. Trainloads of arms, forbidden by the treaties, crossed Austria on their way to Hungary. They were marked "Agricultural Machinery." Italian airplanes left the flying field of Milan, winged their way across the mountains, and "crashed" in Hungary. Thus Horthy's army built up a small air force.

Horthy was at first fascinated by Hitler. The two of them might wreck the Versailles system. The Hungarian Regent was a frequent guest in Germany. He paved the way for an understanding between Il Duce and the Führer. He welcomed Hitler's strong policy toward Czechoslovakia. Along with Chamberlain, he believed that the Nazis would take only the Su-

detenland and let justice prevail in Hungary. Last Spring Hitler crushed Czechoslovakia. Horthy was sure the Führer would return to him Slovakia, which had been Hungary's for a thousand years. Instead of that, Hitler set up a puppet republic, at the mercy of Berlin. Now Horthy knew that Germany's policy was to round up all the small countries of the European East, and he trimmed his sails accordingly. Hungary watches Horthy's reactions closely. Hitler, the lifesaver, became Hungary's Public Enemy No. 1.

*Egy, kettő, három ló,
Becsapott a mázoló,*

(One, two, three, bust,
The housepainter has fooled us.)

Hungarian youth demonstrated with this irreverent song in the streets of Budapest. The police arrived too late.

When World War II broke out, Hungary's eyes were focused on the Regent's palace. A false step might mean the end of the country's millennial independence. Hitler wanted Rumania's oil. Between him and Rumania stood Horthy. The Regent and all Hungarians want western Rumania, treasured Transylvania, which they lost at the end of World War I. Hitler expected Horthy to attack Ru-

mania, but Horthy did nothing of the kind. Any one else failing to take advantage of such an opportunity might have been accused of high treason, but not Horthy. He can do no wrong in Magyar eyes. The country understood his decision. Through his government he restated Hungary's claim to Transylvania. He did not say that any territorial gain at present would enhance Hungary's value for Hitler, but all understood that this was what he meant.

How long can Horthy hold out against the dictators? It may be mere coincidence that his son Stephen is traveling abroad on behalf of the State Iron Works, while the other, Nicholas, is in Egypt as chairman of the Hungarian Egyptian Trading Company. Change only is unchanging in southeastern Europe. Recurrent rumors insist that the belongings of the entire family are packed. But the Hungarians are optimistic. Nothing can daunt their belief that Hungary can stay out of the war, even if their Rumanian neighbor is involved. They are counting on the three dictators' mutual jealousy. Above all, they feel that Horthy stands between them and Nazism. Budapest swears that Horthy's proverbial luck will save Hungary.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION AS A CAREER

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

WHETHER the next President may be, Americans are going to have more government rather than less. Even many of the foremost Republicans profess to see worth-while objectives in various New Deal measures, but blame the state of the country on the slackness and inefficiency with which they are administered. The severest critics of Washington, who seek to reduce both the amount of the budget and the number of governmental employees, complain bitterly that we need more trained administrators. The staggering increases in our budget and national debt since 1914, and the consequent burden of taxation, have turned people's minds towards consideration of administrative reorganization. During this period, invention and technological changes in industry have been responsible for a vast increase of administrative detail. Moreover, we have abandoned our old concept of government as a "policing agent" and have committed ourselves to a new philosophy — a government

of service, offering agricultural and financial aid, and overseeing the welfare of the citizens. Government employment has therefore become a major industry, in which we are moving slowly from a political to a merit setup.

The old, easygoing American habit of "just happening" into our life work and Topsy-like growing up with it, has vanished. In a highly competitive world, it is vital to prepare ourselves in advance. Young men and women realize the seriousness of this problem and are seeking information. A straw in the wind was the Phillips Brooks House Association "Conference on Careers in Government and Community Service," held early in April at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Numerous student representatives from various colleges sat in at round table conferences, led by men prominent in public life. "The purpose of the conference," said Norris P. Swett, student counsellor, "was to present to college students information about jobs in fields other than the

big three they usually think of, business, law, medicine." Public administration must now be reckoned among these other fields.

Innumerable questions are being asked about this field, but it is so vast and unexplored that many of the answers are as yet matters of opinion rather than fact. The pattern is vague, because it is still in the process of being woven. The federal, state, and municipal governments are beginning to formulate their requirements, and to perfect both their examining techniques and their promotion systems. The universities are beginning to fashion their training to meet these requirements. And the solution of the problem depends on how quickly and how perfectly these two ends dovetail.

In considering the career possibilities of civil service administration, one of the obvious questions concerns the number and types of available jobs. Totally aside from all the long established commissions and departments of government, we have such regulatory bodies as the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission. There is the Resettlement Administration,

the Home Owners Loan Corporation, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Public Works Administration. This list could be extended indefinitely. The Department of Agriculture alone has thirty-three major bureaus, each having many divisions and units, with regional offices and staff scattered all over the United States, and 72,000 permanent employees. Indeed, a study of the Annual Report of the United States Civil Service Commission for the year 1939 will reveal that there is hardly an occupation or a field of human activity not represented on the government payroll.

Provost Rufus D. Smith of New York University believes that the ever enlarging functions of government and the gradual increase in administrative positions under the merit system, will make civil service an "expanding industry" for the next half century. As the government takes more and more trained men into its own service, it will compete directly with private industry, which will in turn need replacements. Even today many brilliant young men with a flair for publicity deliberately enter public service, hoping there to attract high-salaried offers from the business world. The more the government undertakes to regu-

late industry, the greater the need for men trained in government work. Witness the immense increase in wages and hours advisers, tax experts, and similar authorities, who as ex-government employees now sell their professional advice to both small and big business!

How many jobs are there? Nobody actually knows. The entire subject is so interwoven with politics, party propaganda, budgetary requirements, and the authorization of new projects, that the figures are wrapped in a London fog. Certain statistics that embrace the rank and file of civil service workers are more readily available. We know, for instance, that the federal government has approximately 620,000 employees, that in New York City 120,000 employees are subject to civil service classification — that in the entire country, counting municipal, county, state and federal positions, approximately 3,500,000 people are engaged in one form or another of public work.

How many of these are administrators again depends on definition. Is the foreman of a WPA road crew an administrator? How about the chief of a "stenographic unit"? How many subordinates must a man have, to rate under this heading? Do you want to be rigidly

conservative, and figure fifty employees under one boss? Or will you be more liberal, and say twenty-five employees? According to your choice (for these questions are still somewhat hazy in governmental circles) divide 3,500,000 by either fifty or twenty-five, and you will have either 70,000 or 140,000. That doesn't mean, of course, that 70,000 to 140,000 administrative jobs are now available. The great majority of these places are filled at the moment, although there is a yearly turnover of 6½ per cent, owing to deaths, resignations, and promotions. And thousands of new posts are being created each year.

II

Although civil service is constantly extending its borders, few people realize that only seventeen states and a minority of cities in the union have civil service laws, and the administration of these laws ranges from excellent to zero. Experts claim that only five states function efficiently. Maine, for example, allots only \$5000 to civil service administrative work. In Kansas, during Landon's balancing-the-budget regime, the Legislature practically wiped out the funds for this purpose. Administration is re-

garded as excellent in New York and California, good in Michigan and Ohio, and as having brilliant prospects in Rhode Island. In the municipal field, New York City is the shining example, because of Mayer LaGuardia's insistence that every administrative post in the city should be made available to career men. Federal civil service took a stride forward in June, 1938, when President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 7915-7916, placing all executive positions within his power under the merit system. This switched approximately 40,000 positions originally in political hands to civil service, and also provided for personnel management in the departments. The ultimate effects of this particular measure will not be felt for five or ten years.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of the entire situation today lies in the new methods of education open to those planning careers. Courses in public administration are now offered at over 155 American colleges and universities. So recent is the development that 56 per cent of these courses have been established only since 1934 — 22 per cent since 1937. *The Municipal Year Book for 1940*, published by the International City Managers' Association, Chicago, gives a com-

prehensive list. In addition, the Committee on Public Administration, Social Science Research Council, at 261 Broadway, New York, publishes two pamphlets. One, *The Organization of Basic Courses in Public Administration* (1937), is a detailed analysis of the basic courses offered at seventy-five American colleges and universities. The other, *Educational Preparation for Public Administration*, compiled by Charles S. Ascher, lists the titles of the courses, the program given, the names of the instructors, and the degrees conferred by 156 institutions. The Civil Service Assembly of the United States and Canada (1313 East 60th Street, Chicago) also publishes some valuable pamphlets, available at nominal prices. Moreover, many colleges, in conjunction with municipalities, and many cities, states, and departments of the federal government offer free "in-service" training to those already in jobs.

Fourteen universities — American University in Washington, Harvard, Southern California, Colorado, Michigan, Syracuse, Chicago, Wyoming, Texas, and Virginia, Wayne University in Detroit, the University of Buffalo, Southern Methodist at Dallas, and New York University — offer compre-

hensive major programs in the field, with special degrees such as Bachelor, Master or Doctor in Public Administration. These are graduate courses (for the higher degrees) requiring a college diploma for admission. They are professional schools, giving a specialized training, as in any of the older learned professions.

Certain of these colleges are combining their administrative and law training. At New York University, for instance, after a man has graduated from law school, he can take an extra year to train for the practice of "administrative law," and specially fit himself for work on social security, national labor relations, or wages and hours. Another method is used by the small group of students at the Littauer School of Public Administration at Harvard. These are mostly men on leave from government jobs, who conduct individual research projects and do much of their work at round table conferences.

Although the New York University Graduate Division for Training in Public Service is only in its second year, it is the largest in the field and has 181 students, approximately one third of whom are women. Significantly, the public administration field is open to women in nearly all branches; and

subject to the usual sex handicaps offers growing opportunities for women seeking such careers. New York University conducts all its public administration courses at night, so as to make them available for daytime workers. For this reason, it takes two years to qualify there for the degree of Master of Public Administration, two years more for the doctorate. Tuition charges run from \$200 to \$250 yearly.

III

The question uppermost in the mind of everyone contemplating a career is its financial possibilities. The bottom of the ladder, in the federal service, is the examination for "junior professional assistants," in any one of twenty-eight optional subjects. American citizens in sound physical health, not over thirty-five years of age, who have successfully completed a full four-year course for a bachelor's degree with major study as prescribed under one of the optional subjects, are appointed, if they pass this examination, at salaries of from \$1620 to \$2000 yearly. If they are successful in winning subsequent promotions, they have a reasonable expectation of earning from \$3500 to \$5000 within ten years.

Tops in the federal service is usually about \$8000 yearly. Congressmen get \$10,000 and it is against human nature to expect them to set salaries as high as or higher than their own. Promotion speed varies widely. In the Post Office and Customs Service, a man might have to work a lifetime to reach the top. In Federal Housing and the newer, expanding government departments the summit might be attained in five to ten years. New York City pay is high. Some of the 1939 examinations were for an administrative assistant (city planning), \$4000 up to but not including \$5000; administrator (city planning), \$5700; administrator (public buildings), \$7000; junior administrative assistant (Department of Welfare), \$3000 up to but not including \$4000; junior administrative assistant (Housing Authority), the same. The average man entering public service must realize, of course, that the chances are against his going to the top. He is more likely to hit the medium range. But practically all public positions, municipal, state and federal, permit retirement after twenty-five to thirty years' service (and sometimes less) at half pay.

Before 1929, when every college football hero looked forward to a life of prosperity in Wall Street,

\$3500 at the end of ten years was cigarette money. But times have changed. Looking at finances realistically, people are realizing that salaries and prospects of advancement in government service compare favorably with those in medicine, the law or the academic field, to say nothing of assured income with all risks removed. Besides, with our changing philosophy of government, the service now has a prestige and a social éclat comparable with that of the professions.

We have not yet reached, and do not seem destined to reach, the Utopia of the optimists who proclaim that the United States Civil Service is becoming just like the British. It is true that the old American creed, "politics is no game for gentlemen," is forgotten, and gentlemen in politics are now quite the accepted order of the day. But here the resemblance between the two systems seems to stop. Public service in England is still an aristocracy, recruited mainly from classical scholars in Oxford and Cambridge. The English don't object to being governed by "the best people." But public service must follow the common traditions of a country, and the traditions of America are middle class. A college education is open to

everyone. Another important distinction is that Americans have specific training before entering into the public service and then work their way up, functioning partly as administrators, partly as specialists. Englishmen become educated in a specialty only after years in the service; there is more of a tendency for them to function as "pure administrators."

The fundamental difficulty with our civil service, despite all its progress, is the political spoils system. Back in the 'sixties Lincoln said, "There are not enough teats for the pigs." And today Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., President of the National Civil Service Reform League, admits that "the overwhelming majority of these managerial positions have always been and remain preponderantly outside of the merit system. They have been reserved as exempt plums for regional leaders of a party, who jumped on the right bandwagon before a convention." It seems almost fantastic to expect either major political party to give up its patronage; but more and more, politicians are realizing they can't afford to appoint worthless hacks to office. As the scope of government grows, the need for good management becomes too pressing to be ignored.

Three factors are largely responsible for the present control of administrative posts as patronage — uninformed criticism of the merit system itself, opposition of the politicians, and public apathy. The only answer to all of these points is a continuous and crusading course of public education. The National Civil Service Reform League, under the presidency of Mr. Ordway, has done intelligent and important work in molding public opinion to the value of civil service. The Civil Service Assembly, an association composed of civil service commissions and technicians, through its research and discussions is constantly setting higher standards of practice. The public is beginning to realize that if it really wants a thing and yells loud enough at Washington, Congress will listen. In a recent Gallup Poll, 88 per cent of the voters endorsed the merit system in preference to spoils. When the voters translate their opinions into positive action, and vote on the record of each legislator on civil service reform, they will have it. And everyone seeking a career in this field should campaign to arouse his fellow citizens to action.

In the meantime, educational institutions and civil service commissions throughout the country

are analyzing the types of education and experience most likely to cultivate administrative talent. They are establishing standards of classification and appointment, building up personnel administration and efficient promotion systems.

In an evaluation of administrative service as a career, the answer would seem to be distinctly affirmative. What is the ideal setup for success? Youth, health, Amer-

ican citizenship, in most cases a college education and a willingness to devote further time to study, a thick skin to endure political interference and pressure groups, a willingness to pass up quick promotions and big money in favor of a secure and honorable position. If you have these qualifications, public service is your meat, for there are few professions whose members are more privileged to enjoy the durable satisfactions of life.



REQUIEM

BY LEONA AMES HILL

It was as if a flowering tree
Had loosed its petalled cloud;
As if a prisoned bird set free
Had paused to sing aloud
A strange and lovely snatch of song
And then had flown away;
As if a wind that all night long
And all the hours of day
Had blown across the curving sky
Had ceased while wood and hill
Were kissed by rain; as if a cry
Had quivered and grown still:
So poignantly her troubled breath
Was silenced in the hush of Death.

The 3 Choices of

An explanation of one of the most important provisions in your

A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO, Mr. X bought a life insurance policy from Metropolitan.

Recently, Mr. X and his wife reviewed his policy. They wanted to refresh their memory concerning the benefits they would receive if, for some unforeseen reason, Mr. X should decide not to maintain his policy in force any longer.

They knew, of course, that from their premium payments a "cash value" had been built up in Mr. X's policy. Usually such a cash value is available after the second or third year the policy has been in force—except in the case of Term policies.

Mr. X and his wife found that if premium payments were discontinued, he would have three choices—three ways in which he might take advantage of his cash value . . .

1. Mr. X might elect to take his cash value.

If Mr. X should decide that, because of changed circumstances, he no longer needed the protection afforded by his life insurance, he could, if he wished, take an immediate cash settlement.

If his policy happened to be an Ordinary policy and was five or more years old, he might prefer to have the money paid out under one of the so-called "Optional Modes of Settlement." This would provide him with an income for life or for a certain number of years—the payments to begin immediately, or later in life.

2. Mr. X might elect to retain his present type of insurance, paid-up for a reduced amount.

Let us suppose that Mr. X, for some reason beyond his control, should find himself unable to keep on paying his premiums—but still wished insurance protection.

In that case, Mr. X would find that he could get fully paid-up insurance for whatever amount his cash value, used in this way, would provide. He would need to pay no further premiums.

On the other hand, Mr. X might feel that he had need of greater protection for the immediate future than this choice offers him. In that case, he would have still a third option . . .

Mr. X

life insurance policy



3. Mr. X might elect to apply his cash value to provide Paid-Up Term Insurance—which would remain in force for a limited period.

By thus using his cash value, Mr. X could continue as much protection as possible in force, in the form of paid-up Term insurance. This protection would continue in force for as long a period as his cash value would cover.

★ ★ ★

If Mr. X should decide not to maintain his policy in force, could he reinstate it at some future date if he is still insurable? Yes, at any time—provided he had not taken his cash surrender value, or, if he had converted it into Paid-Up Term Insurance, the period of this insurance had not expired.

Mr. X would have to pay all back premiums with interest. Any loan outstanding against his policy, together with interest, could be repaid in cash, or continued against his reinstated policy.

► The case of Mr. X indicates the care taken in writing your policy, to make certain that you will be protected if you are unable to continue your present insurance policy in force.

But, obviously, only the person who keeps his life insurance in force until its maturity, can be sure of achieving the full benefits for which he planned when he purchased his policy.

Each provision in your policy is important—and it will be well worth your while to read your policy carefully if you have not done so recently.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 26 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In Canada the privileges outlined in this advertisement must be exercised in conformance with the laws concerning the rights of beneficiaries in the various Provinces. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



► *Are they fortified? The question looms big over the western Pacific.*

JAPAN'S MANDATE ISLANDS

BY LINTON WELLS

WITH the involvement of Holland in the European war almost certain, Japan has raised the issue of future control over the Netherlands East Indies. Japan has made it clear that she "will not tolerate interference by any third power" and will not be swerved from her "present policy," described officially as "Japan's expansion to the south." In the light of these declarations and the fact that Japan wants and needs the oil, tin, rubber and other resources of the Dutch East Indies, the question being asked by all Pacific Ocean powers, including the United States, is: *Has Japan fortified her mandate islands*, which at one point are separated from the Dutch possessions by less than 300 miles of water?

In February, Secretary of State Cordell Hull sent Tokyo a sharp reminder that an accounting of its stewardship over the Pacific mandate islands was long overdue. Several weeks later, Washington received a copy of Japan's 1938 report to the League of Nations'

Permanent Mandates Commission, but the report told precisely nothing about what the world wanted to know. In contrast to the 1937 report, which said categorically that the mandate islands were not being fortified, that of 1938 ignored the subject completely.

In 1914, Japan took from the Germans 623 Micronesian islands having an area of 829 square miles and scattered over 3,000,000 square miles of the western Pacific north of the equator. They comprise the Marshall, Mariana and Caroline groups, including Yap but excluding Guam, and, according to Nippon's latest report, have a population of 70,141 Japanese, 50,868 natives of Malay origin, and 119 foreigners, chiefly Spanish missionaries plus a few Chinese and Germans. There are also 700-odd islets. Phosphorous ores, vegetable oil products, a little sugar and dried fish are about all Japan gets out of the lot — except, of course, bases for military operations.

Japan's occupancy of these Pacific islands was confirmed in 1919,

when the Treaty of Versailles assigned to the various Allied powers mandates for the administration of the German colonies. In accepting the mandate, Japan gave assurances that she would not establish naval, military, or air bases within the territory or fortify it otherwise. There was also an implied agreement to keep the islands open to the commerce of all nations and permit visitors to look them over unhindered. The mandate system was set up on a sort of honor basis. Each power agreed to submit annual reports of its guardianship, but no machinery was established to check these reports.

At the Washington Conference in 1921, Japan signed a treaty with the United States and promised to give us a duplicate copy of her annual report to the League of Nations commission which supervises mandates. Japan withdrew from the League on March 27, 1935, and when Mr. Hull sent his recent reminder her last mandate report to it — and us — was for 1937. Now she has brought us up to 1938, but much has probably happened since then.

Back in 1920, rumors already were afloat that Japan was fortifying her mandate islands, and I wangled qualified permission from the Japanese naval ministry to visit

them. That was before the islands were closed to visitors except a few sympathetic, presumably myopic foreigners. I went from Manila to Guam, then took a trading schooner to a series of gemlike islands which form the western section of the Carolines.

The largest of the Carolines is Yap, whose status then was in dispute. The United States was objecting to its being mandated to Japan, because the island was an important relay point in the trans-Pacific cable system connecting Guam with China and the Dutch East Indies, and it was feared that world communications might be affected if it became an integral part of the Japanese Empire. The question was settled at Washington in 1921, when Japan promised that we should have free access to Yap and the cable at all times. With the development of radio, Yap ceased to be as important a communications point as it had been. The cable line connecting it with Guam still terminates in the office of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company on Guam, but inquiry reveals that it has been dead for years.

When I was there, Yap was populated by some 7000 friendly people of Malay origin and about 100 Japanese connected with the

military or cable or both. The Nipponese treated me courteously, but on Yap and elsewhere among the mandated islands I was always chaperoned by a so-called "guide." However, I managed to get a pretty good look at Yap, and found no evidence of fortifications except demolished, outmoded German forts. Later I went to Ponape, Korrör Island, Truk, and Kusaie. Development work was in progress everywhere, both ashore and in the harbors. I left the Carolines and went to the Marshalls, which are little more than atolls steaming under the equatorial sun. There, on Jaluit, I found less Japanese activity (perhaps because of the torrid climate), but just as much secrecy. Proceeding northward to Japan, I stopped at Saipan, in the Marianas, where considerable engineering enterprise was being displayed.

Throughout this visit I saw nothing at which I could point an accusing finger and say positively: There is a fort or a naval or air base under construction. However, a transition from civil to military use manifestly was possible as consequence of the improvements. Actually, Truk, where an extensive coral reef forms a natural breakwater, is an ideal naval and air base as it stands.

II

While all that was in 1920, I now believe firmly that the Nipponese have fortified strategic islands in the Marshall, Mariana and Caroline groups in violation of their mandate. My belief is supported by the inadequate reports which Japan has submitted, including that for 1938 ignoring the question of fortifications; by the evasive replies of Japanese representatives at Geneva when periodically questioned regarding bases and fortifications in the mandate islands; by Japan's persistent refusals to permit League investigators to inspect the islands; by its virtual quarantine of the islands against foreign visitors; by its recent refusal to permit an American ship to approach the Mariana island of Saipan, Guam's neighbor, with shipwrecked Japanese sailors who had been rescued — the American vessel was required to transfer the men to a Japanese ship far at sea; and by Japan's avowed determination to expand southward.

When Japan withdrew from the League in 1935, Geneva hinted that the mandate islands should be surrendered. Japan promptly told the League in effect that she would go to war to keep them. The threat to Holland this April evoked an

inspired press campaign in Japan, insisting that Japan is prepared to occupy and fight for the Dutch Pacific colonies in the event the Netherlands becomes involved in the war. Foreign Minister Arita followed it with his warning that no third power, including the United States, would be permitted to take over these colonies. All of which serves to confirm the belief that Japan has established air and naval bases within striking distance of the South Pacific possessions of England, France and the Netherlands. If she were not prepared to attack with more than reasonable effectiveness from points close at hand, Japan would be more careful about challenging the western powers.

Although Great Britain and France could undoubtedly defend the Dutch East Indies from their great bases at Singapore and Touraine, they are none too happy over the prospect of becoming involved in a Far Eastern war. Our Navy Department doesn't feel very happy about the matter, either. Recent warnings by Rear Admiral Joseph K. Taussig that Japan plans "the subjugation of China, the Philippines, Netherlands Indies, French-Indo China and Malaya" reflect those feelings. Congress has refused appropri-

tions to improve our naval station at Guam and the air base at Wake Island, for fear of offending the Japanese, in the absence of incontrovertible evidence that Japan has fortified her Pacific mandate islands. So far it has not been forthcoming, though few realistic observers have any doubt on the subject.

From a slightly professional question among naval and military men, the problem of the Japanese mandates may be turned at any moment into a matter of intense practical interest to the whole world. Japanese occupation of Holland's Pacific colonies could be achieved and defended only on the basis of fortified nearby islands. Such occupation, it is feared, would be only the beginning of a process of expansion. The western mandate island of Palau is only 600 miles from the southern Philippines; the Marshalls are 2000 miles west of Hawaii—a relatively short distance these days; and isolated Guam is so literally surrounded by Japanese islands (the nearest is only about forty miles away) as to be under "protective custody" of Japan already. Small wonder that so many of us who fear America's possible involvement in the war keep our eyes on the Far East even more than on Europe.

LUNACY MARCHES ON!

THE prize for upside-down thinking goes to the communist New York *Daily Worker* for a Stockholm dispatch boasting that the heroic Norwegian communists “stay at their posts” in Oslo and cooperate with the Nazi invasion, while others “flee in panic” and “abandon the workers”:

The Social-Democratic leaders, their newspaper editorial staffs, the leading organs of the trade unions and Social-Democratic Youth have left Oslo. Part of them fled in panic. . . . Up to the present time only the communists continue publishing their paper. . . . The *Ny Dag* publishes in full the manifesto the Communist Party has issued at Oslo in which it stressed the main objective of preventing Norway from becoming the battleground between the imperialist powers. The manifesto reminds the people it was England’s violation of Norwegian neutrality that has brought about the present situation. . . . Etc.

* * *

The Moscow *Trud* hails Russia’s tender concern for peace and the sovereignty of weak neighbors:

The Soviet-Finnish peace treaty is vivid proof of the peace-loving policy of the U.S.S.R., its respect for the national independence of small nations, its desire to continue and develop normal trade relations with all countries on a basis of complete equality. . . .

By an amazing coincidence, these bright sentiments of Moscow *Trud*

are shared in New York by the *Daily Worker*:

The signing of the peace treaty between the Soviet Union and Finland is a victory of tremendous importance for the oppressed peoples in the colonies and dependencies, and especially for the Negro peoples, the Harlem section Executive Committee of the Communist Party declared:

“ . . . Negro-hating colonial slave-drivers of London, Paris and Washington reckoned without the proletarian peace policy of the Soviet Union, without the powerful might, the unmatched daring and skill of the Red Army, the international army of the working class and all toilers. This brilliant achievement in the struggle for peace will inspire the Negro masses and the downtrodden of all countries in their struggle for peace and national freedom.”

* * *

Only the blessings of conquest by Germany match the Soviet blessings. Under the title “The Germans Brought Us Real Freedom,” the Berlin *Völkischer Beobachter* quotes the Minister of War of Nazi-dominated Slovakia:

To us the Germans brought, in any case, a much greater and much finer freedom than the French gave to Czechoslovakia. What we did not succeed in obtaining in the 20 years of alleged free conditions, we have obtained already in the one year of our real freedom. Military schools and courses have been established, so that we do not have to worry about well-trained officers’ corps.

Other totalitarian advantages for Slovakia are reported to the Paris *Marianne*:

In a Slovak village a shingle on a barber shop reads: "Here Germans may have their hair cut free of charge." On inquiry, the barber explained that the Germans always pay in paper marks, which are so unpopular that they do not circulate among the native Slovak population. The paper notes offered by the Germans are usually of such denominations that the Slovaks, whose money unit is of much lower value, must give them change in Slovak money, generally used and preferred even in German-dominated Slovakia. Thus by serving the Germans gratis, the Slovaks save money.

* * *

And a further sample of Nazi German civilization is presented proudly by the Danzig *Vorposten*:

The special tribunal, after careful consideration, condemned Max Israel Cohen to death for race defilement. His Aryan companion, Paula Neidhard, with whom he had been living as husband and wife since 1925, was also condemned to one year and six months, three hundred marks fine and five years' loss of civil rights. The sentence of the special tribunal went into effect immediately without possibility of permission of appeal or revision. Cohen was executed.

* * *

An elementary explanation of why they should be happy under Il Duce is offered to simple Italian workers by the learned editors

(Compiled by Stephen Naft)

of the Cremona *Regime Fascista*:

Bolshevism, for example, which believes in redeeming the man-proletarian through collectivistic anonymity and the potentialization of mechanization, only crushes him more atrociously, because it reduces him to the automatic part of a machinery; he is nothing but a lever of the mechanism, having renounced the joy of creating by himself, giving form to the object, conferring his own imprint to the object; he is, in substance, a succubus of the mechanistic myth. Life is therefore submerged by a materialistic "civilization," whose scientific method negates every science that is not in rapport with the causes of matter: thus quality is lost to give way to quantity, the differentiations are cancelled by the affirmation of anti-hierarchic construction and the very aspects of mechanization become dominant mystical entities on the space-time horizon.

* * *

The American political scene is simplified for lucky readers of the *Sunday Worker*, in an appeal for funds to defend Führer Browder:

Earl Browder was convicted for being General Secretary of the Party which stands in the way of the Roosevelt administration's drive toward war and hunger.

* * *

Stop press! A novel of the Soviet writer, G. Olshansky, quoted in the Paris *Poslednaya Novosti* admits:

Beautiful, sunny weather can also be observed in capitalist countries.

► *Concluding part of a study of Harry Bennett published in the last issue.*

THE LITTLE MAN IN HENRY FORD'S BASEMENT

By JOHN McCARTEN

WHEN Harry Bennett assumed command of the Ford Servicemen back in 1919, he was horrified at their ineptitude. There were about 1500 of them and they were uniformly lacking in ingenuity. In attempting to capture the thieves and saboteurs who were then running rampant in the various Ford establishments, they coursed haphazardly around the industrial landscape like a pack of baffled beagles. Bennett began his regime by firing practically all of them. The few that remained he combined with some of his pals from the navy and the sporting world and thus formed the nucleus of his present squad. He organized his department along the lines of an efficient metropolitan police force. He established regular beats for the Servicemen and compelled them to report to headquarters at brief intervals throughout the day. In his outer office he installed a contraption known as a Gamewell Board to record, after the fashion

of a stock ticker, the calls of his operatives from key points all over River Rouge. To check on their effectiveness, he created a vast espionage network, which included hundreds of undercover agents whose identity he kept secret even from his fellow-executives. With spies and provocateurs as numerous at River Rouge as stooges in the Kremlin, the atmosphere of the plant soon became so thick with intrigue that Bennett himself had difficulty deciding who was shadowing whom from day to day.

In his early years at River Rouge, Bennett never had to worry much about his relations with labor. The Ford Company paid higher wages than its competitors, and the proletarians who thronged its gates were almost as docile as sheep. Apart from the American Legion, whose members later supported Bennett in forming such vigilante societies as the Knights of Dearborn and the Liberty Legion, the only organization that made any head-

way at Ford's during the 'twenties was the Ku Klux Klan. But before it was strong enough to cause any real trouble, Bennett moved swiftly against it. He made no attempt to suppress or disband it. He simply encouraged all the Catholics, Jews and Negroes among the Ford employees to join their fellow-workers in the Klan. The results for the hooded brethren were catastrophic. As score upon score of their potential victims clamored for admission to their ranks, the Klansmen began to feel silly, and it wasn't long before they furtively dispersed.

For Bennett the annihilation of the Klan at Ford's was no mere idealistic gesture. He viewed the Klan then as he views the CIO now, as an outside agency capable of challenging his authority. He has never tolerated interference with his methods. He neither permits nor expects the Ford workers to indulge in independent collective action. He deals with their individual complaints through a Sociological Department, which he set up a few years ago and invested with all the ritualistic power of a naval court of inquiry. Nowadays he speaks with pride and satisfaction of the activities of this department. "It's the best goddam bargaining agency in the country,"

he points out, "and it does a hell of a sight more for the men than any — union." Among other things, the Sociological Department settles wage disputes, arbitrates arguments between straw bosses and workers, and decides which men are to be laid off or retained. In the department's files, the career of every Ford employee has been checked and charted, and the Servicemen often double as sociologists when information is wanted about a worker's private life.

In practically all his undertakings, Bennett has enjoyed the cordial cooperation of the Dearborn and Detroit police and the state troopers of Michigan. They are indebted to him for innumerable favors. He has saved official scalps by helping to solve crimes all over northern Michigan, which he regards as a kind of cordon sanitaire attached to his industrial bailiwick. His aid to the police does not limit itself to the mobilization of his potent Service Squad. He knows his way around the Michigan underworld as well as any other man in the state, and is feared and respected by the criminal element. Even the most powerful gangsters defer to him. In part this deference stems from the fact that his recommendations carry plenty of weight with the Michigan State Prison

Commission, of which he used to be a member. But chiefly it derives from the knowledge that Bennett, in protecting the area around River Rouge, is invariably as ruthless as doom. He is interested, of course, in any crime that might endanger the Ford family or its property. But he has specialized over the years in the handling of kidnapping cases.

II

Although all the Fords have been threatened with kidnapping at one time or another, it is Edsel's two sons who have figured most frequently in abduction plots. As long ago as 1920, Bennett was busy devising schemes to insure their safety. In those days, a few armed guards were usually sufficient to scare away the most determined kidnapper, but to make the security of his charges doubly certain, Bennett maintained constant contact with underworld characters who could advise him well in advance of any moves being made against the Ford children. When kidnapping developed into a menace of national proportions, his job became extremely difficult. On several occasions he had to adopt the hazardous procedure of dicking personally with would-be kid-

nappers. Once during negotiations with a western mob Bennett journeyed to New Mexico toting a satchel full of counterfeit money with which he intended to bait a trap for the extortionists. On a lonely road outside of Albuquerque, he passed the satchel to the mobsters as they drove slowly past him. They promptly tossed it violently back at him, and headed rapidly toward the west. He was discouraged but not at all alarmed. He was confident that there were cops and G-Men all around him. It turned out eventually, however, that the police had left the vicinity suddenly on the strength of a tip that the gang was avoiding Bennett and fleeing to the north. As Bennett recalls it now, the whole episode was a good joke on the gangsters. "They could have shot me dead, the dumb bastards," he remarks happily, "but they were as sure as I was that I had protection."

Bennett still keeps the satchel, bulging with its spurious contents, in a corner of his office. He has added the letters received from the mob to the miscellaneous litter that weighs down his desk. Amid that litter, the most conspicuous objects are a dictograph, a microscope and an air gun. The dictograph enables Bennett to give direct orders to his men no matter where they

happen to be in River Rouge; the microscope enables him to pose as a new-day Sherlock Holmes; but the air gun is more important to Bennett than either one of them for it enables him to keep his marksmanship accurate and lethal. He practices with it throughout the day, aiming its tiny lead pellets at a target propped up on a filing cabinet opposite his desk. Sometimes for the edification of visitors he demonstrates his precision with the air gun by shooting the tip off a pencil from a distance of five or ten feet. While he goes unarmed around River Rouge, he has equipped his car with a forty-five calibre revolver and a formidable chauffeur as well. The trips between his home and River Rouge are always made at furious speed, and in times of stress an escort of Servicemen usually follows Bennett in another car. Such precautions are not designed to shield Bennett from the Ford proletariat; their exclusive purpose is to prevent enemy gangsters from polishing him off.

Bennett looks upon gangsters of all varieties as problem children. "They're mentally sick," he points out, "and you've got to handle them like a bunch of bad kids." He has been highly successful in applying this psychology. He once

dissuaded three carloads of armed thugs from making an attack upon an armored payroll truck outside the Ford Administration Building by contemptuously outlining all the flaws in their plan of action. On another occasion a group of gunmen, laboring under the misapprehension that he had revealed to the police the fact that they had been tossing bombs about during a cleaning and dyeing war, fired a broadside into his car as he was driving home from River Rouge. Although the top of his car was practically blown off, Bennett himself was uninjured, and he immediately jumped out to confront his attackers. While one of them aimed a sawed-off shotgun at the pit of his stomach, he testily advised them that they had erred grievously in suspecting him of perfidy. After listening for a while to his indignant eloquence, they retired from the scene of the shooting, mumbling apologies.

In his efforts to keep certain kinds of crime out of the River Rouge territory, Bennett usually acts as a middleman between the underworld and the police. In that capacity, he is hedged with protection both from above and from below. Back in 1929, he was shot through the belly by a gangster whom he had prevented from mak-

ing off with \$20,000 in the course of a kidnapping case. While he was recuperating from his wound, he received a photograph and a message from some of his underworld pals. The photograph showed a bullet-ridden body, and the message read: "He won't bother you any more, Harry." Another individual who won't bother Bennett any more is Joseph York, who stormed the Ford gates with a mob of unemployed in 1932. As streams of water were played upon them, York and his followers threw rocks at the police and shouted "We want Bennett!" To their surprise, he suddenly appeared in their midst. But Bennett had barely exchanged a word with York when somebody bashed him on the back of the neck with a jagged concrete block. As he slumped slowly to the ground, the police opened fire, killing four and wounding fifty, including Bennett whose forehead was creased with a bullet just before he stretched out on the ground. A few seconds later, York toppled down upon him, and died sprawled full across his body.

Although Bennett has always regarded the demise of Joseph York as a regrettable incident, he recalls with the keenest satisfaction the fate of the gangster who tried to kill him in his home. He regards it

as an object lesson for others who may be toying with the notion of shooting their way into his family circle. That circle now includes Bennett's third wife, by whom he had a daughter a couple of years ago, and a twenty-two-year-old girl named Billie, one of the two children of his first marriage. On their behalf, he has outdone himself in making the district around his estate, which is located between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, a no man's land for criminals.

The last crime of consequence in the area occurred in 1931, and Bennett cleared it up within forty-eight hours. It was a thoroughly horrible affair. It involved rape and murder, and the incineration of two young couples in a car parked along a road not far from his estate. Bennett was invited to participate in the case by the local sheriff, and he soon had his Servicemen swarming over the countryside. Under the noses of the state troopers and county officials, he shifted the scene of the crime a few feet to bring it into the jurisdiction of a hanging judge. Then he uncovered two informers who named a couple of possible suspects. Taking one of the suspects in tow, Bennett, together with Robert Taylor, the head of the Ford Sociological Department, and one

of his towering Servicemen, repaired to the basement of his house. There, while one of his companions created an enormous racket with an electric reducing machine, Bennett undertook to get a confession out of the suspect. He interrupted this job occasionally to dash upstairs and pour a beer for the county sheriff, who visited him inopportunistically before his guest had begun to talk. He tactfully neglected to advise the sheriff of what was going on below, and it was not until he had got results that he turned his captive over to the police. The Ypsilanti Torch Murder Case, as it was called, was rapidly brought to a successful conclusion. Bennett's captive and two others were sent to Marquette penitentiary for life. While they were being transported to jail, the prisoners were protected from lynchings by Bennett and his Servicemen as well as the police. Bennett may sometimes take the law into his own hands, but he doesn't believe in letting the masses avail themselves of the privilege.

III

Bennett is almost as sentimental about the past as Henry Ford. His estate includes the house in which his mother spent her later years,

and a hundred-acre island in the Huron River which was the scene of many of his boyhood exploits. When his mother died a couple of years ago, Bennett converted her house into a little theatre, after transferring her bed and some other furnishings to a room in his main establishment, which now serves as a kind of shrine. The shrine is just off a strange-looking powder room, whose garish mosaics and eerie blue lighting were all installed according to plans drawn up by Bennett. His artistic impulses have been given free rein within his mansion. His living room is hung with two or three of his oils, the children's playroom in the basement is decorated with a mural of several Bennett nudes in silhouette, and his barroom is one frenetic outburst of Bennett the painter in a maritime mood. The barroom has been devised to look like the interior of a yacht, complete with portholes and nautical clocks. Around it runs a tremendous seascape, with lighthouses that blink and ships that glow whenever Bennett turns on a switch. Although he dismisses this masterwork as a trifle he knocked off in a few evenings, Bennett is obviously pleased when visitors compliment him on the ingenuity with which he has combined art and electricity.

Bennett used to raise both lions and tigers on his estate. He explains this peculiar pastime, as he explains many of his eccentricities, very logically. When he was a boy, he points out, he often thought he'd like to train wild animals; since the notion persisted after he'd grown up, he decided to buy a few lions and tigers and try out his hand as an amateur trainer. Among his lions were Rajah, which developed into one of the largest beasts of its kind in captivity after he sold it to Ringling Brothers, and Leo, which was killed in Florida after it escaped from the Cole Brothers Circus, to which he had turned it over when it grew too large to have around the house. Leo now adorns the floor of the trophy room in Bennett's basement, where, among other things, he keeps a diving suit which he uses just to keep in practice once or twice a year in the rivers around Detroit. Bennett had a lot of fun with Rajah, Leo, and his other lions. He recalls with hilarity the evening he loosed a lion in his barroom while his friend Howard Kipke was there. "They were both in the barroom in the dark," he explains jovially, "and both of them were scared. Before I got the lion out, he'd practically stripped Kipke naked." Bennett has an insatiable appetite for jokes

of all kinds, and he doesn't object to having them played upon himself.

The last wild animal Bennett had in his home was a baby tiger, which he gave away at the insistence of his wife, who was convinced that the animal was jealous of her infant daughter. Nowadays a giant chow, a parrot and a cockatoo are the only livestock permitted in Bennett's house. The cockatoo is an irascible bird which hates everybody but Bennett. At meal-times, he usually perches on a chair opposite his master, muttering threats and screaming for a drink. Besides the animals which live indoors, Bennett has a flock of sheep on his mainland estate and a hundred guinea hens on his island property. He is sentimental about animals of all kinds. He used to go on hunting trips with some of his friends, but he couldn't bear to shoot at birds or deer. Since he abandoned his harmless hunting expeditions, he has acquired a summer place at Grosse Ile which lies a few miles down the Huron River from his estate. He uses it chiefly as a base from which to operate his seventy-foot yacht Estharr (Esther, his wife's name, congealed with Harry) which was built to his own specifications. He makes frequent voyages into Lake

Michigan, employing a handful of cronies as his crew. Among Bennett's cronies are a good many officers connected with the Naval Intelligence Department and quite a few operatives of the U. S. Secret Service. Since he now holds a lieutenant's commission in the U. S. Naval Reserve, Bennett, whose lowly nautical past is revealed by the tattooing on his arms, has no need to feel embarrassed in the presence of gold braid.

One of the oddest features of the Bennett estate is the tunnel that meanders under the property. Although Bennett insists that he built it just for the hell of it, there can be no doubt that it would come in handy if he ever had to make a hurried exit. The entrance to the tunnel from the house is concealed behind a set of shelves which swing open when a hidden button is pressed. On the first landing in the tunnel there is a kind of Roman bath, with mosaics and plashing fountain. From there the tunnel leads to a swimming pool, close to a side road on the estate. One section of the tunnel is romantically hung with stalactites and stalagmites fashioned by Bennett, and another is stocked with liquors of all kinds. While Bennett himself drinks nothing stronger than beer or champagne, he has plenty of

hard-drinking chums. His frankness about alcohol is unusual in a Ford executive. Since Henry Ford disapproves of intoxicants, most of his assistants drink furtively if at all. But Bennett, who has the courage of all his convictions, has never permitted the headman's opinions to influence his private or public behavior. When he goes out on the town, as he does once a week, he cuts quite a swath around Detroit.

The evenings Bennett spends at home are usually rather musical. He has a pair of Hammond organs, on which his daughter Billie and one of her friends frequently play duets, and several clarinets with which he can accompany them. He also plays a recorder, which helps him, he says, to concentrate. He reached the high point of his musical career many years ago when he was a member of the Shrine band of Detroit. At that time, he was a member of a musicians' union. As an old union man, Bennett insists that he has no repugnance for organized labor *per se*. He objects, however, to vertical unionism, and condemns the CIO as "irresponsible, un-American, and no god-dam good." Just how much Bennett had to do with the present confusion in the ranks of the automobile workers is difficult to say. His famous meetings with Homer

Martin in the winter of 1938-39 were used by Martin's opposition to advance charges of double-dealing against him. It seems likely that when he met with Martin, Bennett was simply anxious to smooth out the union difficulties that Ford was running into all over the country. The story that Martin was bribed by Bennett to sell his union down the river is typical of the canards that have sprung up about their meetings. Whatever his intentions, there can be no doubt that Bennett gave Martin permission to organize the Ford Motor Company without interference, and bolstered that permission by dissolving the Liberty Legion, one of the company outfits that were flourishing at Ford's. As soon as Martin was read out of the CIO, however, Bennett decided that he wouldn't sanction unionism after all.

The advantage that Bennett holds over organized labor is the advantage that a dictator holds over a democracy. He has authority from Henry Ford to move speedily in any direction he wishes, and since he is smart, shrewd and

enormously capable, he seldom heads in any direction where he might meet defeat. When the CIO's Automobile Workers Union was strong, Bennett showed a certain tolerance for organized labor. Now that it has been weakened by factional struggles, he is as eager as a terrier to fight it.

His recompense for going to the labor wars amounts in dollars to \$1300 or \$1400 a month, which, combined with bonuses, is all he needs to meet current obligations. Bennett doesn't think very much about the future. But perhaps when Henry Ford takes off for his Episcopal heaven, his man Bennett will be in a rather tough spot. It is known that Edsel is not as rigorous as his father in his views on labor relations. Whatever happens, though, Bennett will accept it philosophically. He is confident that he will always be able to get along.

If he has to moderate his methods of handling Ford labor, he may prove more co-operative than most of his associates. "When I can't lick the CIO," he has said, "I'll join it."



SNAIL PIE

A Story

By JAMES STILL

THOUGH Mother's face was pinched with anger, she didn't speak until Grandpa and Leaf and I pushed back our plates. Grandpa went to the barn to light his pipe, and Leaf followed to ask more about the rattlesnake steak Grandpa claimed he ate once. I crawled under the house, squatting beneath the kitchen floor, listening. I had a mind to learn whether Father was going to tell of catching me chewing a wad of Old Nine. Mother was set as a wedge against tobacco. She wouldn't spare the limber-jim. I heard her heel strike the floor impatiently; I heard rounds of Father's chair groan in peg holes.

"Your step-pa's got to hush these lie-ales at the table," Mother said. Her voice pitched high in her nose. "Since he's been here a meal's victuals hasn't rested easy in my stomach. We ought to send him back to the county farm."

"Forty years a drummer," Father said. He was grinning, for

words leapt in his mouth. "Without a line of big-eyed lies he couldn't have drummed gnat balls and devil's snuffboxes. That's what he vows selling. Always been a hand to tease. He means no harm earthy."

"Every time he sticks feet under the table it's pickled ants or fried snails. The name of snails I never could stand. My insides turn at the word. And that pipe, foul as any talk. Told him straight off the smell of tobacco made me sick. Told him he'd have to keep it outside the house."

"Pa's a right smart company for the boys," Father said. He had saucered his coffee and was blowing across it. "Keeps them from underfoot. Got where I can go hunting without them whining and begging to traipse along."

Mother's voice dropped from anger to dull complaint. "He's liable to smut their minds. Why he might even teach them to use tobacco. I'm bound they'll not get

the habit. Can't get Todd to say what he talks about to them, but Leaf did once. Told an awful thing about a mole."

"I figure he keeps a good eye on the chaps. You'd not known they're wormy if Pa hadn't found out. Offered to roust some boneset leaves to rid them."

"I'm no witch to start brewing herb tea," Mother said. "You buy a bottle of vermifuge."

"Come spring," Father said, "Pa can hoe the garden. Nothing will fight weeds like an old man. Thought I'd pay him a mite to keep in heart."

"We promised to try him one month," Mother said. Her words were cold, level. "Three weeks he's been here, and it's moles, slugs, fish bait three times a day. I say you've got to speak to him. He'll quieten or go back. The next time he mentions snails . . ."

Father set his saucer down hard. "Oughten to be so finicky," he blurted. He slid his chair back and got up. The dishes clinked. "I hate like rip to call the old man down. By grabs, I hate to."

"If you'd heard what he told Leaf," Mother's voice raised for Father's hand was on the door knob. "If you'd heard!" Father slammed the door so heavily pans rattled behind the stove.

I crawl-dabbled from under the house and ran to the barn. Leaf was stalking the calf lot on johnny-walkers Grandpa had chopped for him. Grandpa sat in the crib whitling a cob, and smoking and chewing. He was shaping a new pipe bowl with his barlow knife. "Grandpa," I said, "you never told me about the mole." Grandpa's eyes rounded, questioning. "Mole?" he asked. "You told Leaf," I reminded. "Ah, yes," Grandpa said, "what some fellers done with a mole varmint." He blew a tobacco cud out of his mouth onto a shuck. He knocked pipe ashes into a crack. Then he opened his mouth, and suddenly closed it, drawing his tongue back. "Be jibs," he said. "I've lost another tooth." He spied into the shuck, and there it was. He drew the false plate forth, cupping it in a hand. "I need a new set o' teeth worse'n a griddle needs grease, but got no money. It'd take many a frog skin. Before long I'll have to gum victuals."

"I heard Pap say he was going to pay you a wage," I said. "I did, now."

"Ah," Grandpa said. The blue flecks in his eyes shone. "Ah." He pitched the tooth into a bag of seed corn. "There's one grain never will sprout." He began to whack

the cob nub. A woolly thread of smoke twisted out of his pipe; the crib filled with a good smell, ripe and sweet and burning. I drew in deep breaths of it. I watched the shaping of the cob and my mouth became watery. "Grandpa," I said, "I'd give a pretty if you was making that one for me."

Grandpa grunted, clicking teeth together. "I knowed of a baby once was larnt to smoke in the cradle. Ruther draw on a pipe than a tit. Aye gonnies, if that little'un didn't grow up six feet two."

"I been smoking a spell," I bragged.

Grandpa chuckled. "Caught you tasting my pipe yesterday. That's why I'm making this new one."

"Is it for me?" I questioned, hoping.

"Now, no," Grandpa said. "Your mommy'd hustle me back to the county farm 'gin sundown. She hates tobacco like the devil hates Sunday. But come a time you're bound to smoke, jist steal this new one. Never liked a body using my regular."

The bowl of the pipe was nearly finished. Only the dried marrow of the cob needed scraping. "Grandpa," I said, "I'm scared you're going to be sent back. I heard Mommy a-talking."

"Hark!" Grandpa said. He put

the barlow down. His face wrinkled with worry. "Was it that mole tale?"

"Not square all," I said.

The cob fell to the crib floor. Grandpa dipped into the seed corn, filling the frog of his hand with grains, lifting, pouring. His lower lip stuck out, his chin quivered. "Todd," he spoke, "you tell what was said, and I'll make you a pair o' johnny-walkers."

"I choose the pipe."

"Ruther to die than go back. Folks thar perished a'ready, jist won't give up and lay down. Coffin boxes waiting in the woodshop. Hit's cruel. Hit's cruel like what fellers done with a mole once." His eyes grew damp; his hands shook, scattering the corn. "You know what fellers done? Started a mole in a bull yearling's innards. That bully run a mile, taking on terrible, and fell stone down dead."

"I'll keep that pipe 'taterholed. Nary an eye will touch it."

"I long to stay on here."

I spied through the cracks to see no one was about. Leaf tramped the lot on his walkers. A mare ground teeth in a stall. Then I told Grandpa. He listened, an arm elbow-deep in the corn sack. "Never tell Leaf a grain o' nothing," I warned. "He's a sight to talk. Jist

six, and don't know better. And nary a word o' snails."

"I'll play quiet-Bob," Grandpa said. "Aye gonnies, I will."

We heard Leaf coming on his johnny-walkers, crockety-crock. He stuck his head in through the halfdoor. "Grandpa," he called, his mouth curling with mischief, "did you ever eat a horse apple?"

II

On Saturday Father went bird hunting. There were quails' breasts for dinner, and gravy brown as cracklings. We sat at the table watching Mother cut the breasts in half. She served her plate and passed the platter. Leaf and I hadn't eaten for two days, having taken the vermifuge Thursday. We could hardly wait. My stomach was an empty jug.

Father smiled at the platter of fried breasts. Two were no larger than a child's fist. His jaw set with pride. He had brought down three birds with one shot, bagged nine altogether; and he had prepared them too for Mother would never clean a fowl. He glanced at Grandpa, wanting a good word for his prowess. "Three with one shot," Father said. "Three, now."

Grandpa's teeth clicked. His lower lip stuck out a bit for he had

thought of a thing to tell. He raised grizzly eyebrows, wondering if he dared.

"One plummet, three bobs," Father said. "That's no fish tale." His mouth slackened with hunger and brag. "Ever see such mud-fat ones?"

"Hit was quare how I killed a bob-white once," Grandpa said. He spoke slowly, picking his words. He was taking care. "Years ago when I lived head o' Jumpup Holler I went a-fishing on Shikepoke Creek. Caught more fish than Job caught trouble. Caught so plagued many no place a-tall to put'em. Jist shucked my britches, tied knots in leg ends, and filled them topfull o' prettiest redeyes and bigmouths. So many fish I packed, a button popped off, and aye gonnies if hit didn't kill a bob-bird."

Father grinned. "Sounds like truth to me." He batted an eye at Mother. She had stopped eating, uncertain; then she took a big bite. Mother did mortally like partridges.

Leaf spoke, mouth full, swallowing. "Grandpa, where's Jumpup Holler? I be to go there."

"Ah," Grandpa said. He poked his lip out so far it seemed beestung. "Why hit's so far backside o' nowhere folks have to use 'pos-

sums for yard dogs and owls for roosters."

"I bet that hain't truth," Leaf said.

"Swear to my thumb to my dum," Grandpa said.

"I know me a tale and hit shore happened," Leaf said. The spark of his eyes lit. He keened his glance at me and Grandpa. I got a grain fidgety. Leaf was bad to tittle-tattle.

"Truth?" Mother asked doubtfully. "Truth will keep without salt. Rest your tongue." She served her plate again.

"Ah," Grandpa said, thinking back into his head for another tale. "Wasn't always good times in Jumpup Holler. Once a hard winter come. Ninety days snowfall, ninety days stripping zero. Well, now, I give out o' bread and I give out o' meat. Not a lick o' sweetening in the 'lassy barrel. Not a speck o' nothing to eat size the chine bone of a gnat."

Mother laid her fork by uneasily, waiting. Her mouth was full, but she didn't swallow. I tried to catch Grandpa's eye. He paid me no mind. He lifted a hand, laying off this story-piece. I tried to poke him with a foot under the table.

"Well, now," Grandpa went on. "I got my old hog-rifle and searched the woods over. Not a sight o'

beast or varmint. Then I looked into the sky, and by jukes if thar wasn't a buzzard flying. I took a hair aim, fetched him down at one crack, and 'gin to rip the feathers."

Father opened his mouth to laugh, but Mother stared angrily at him. She was sort of pale; her lips were tight against her teeth. Father made a breathy gulp. I slid far down in my chair and kicked Grandpa's knee. He grunted. He looked at me in a way to let me know he was being careful.

"Did you cook that thar buzzard?" Leaf asked.

"Now, no," Grandpa replied. "I gathered the hungry smell out o' the meat box, mixed it with frost bite, fried it with a smidgin o' axle grease. Hit made good victuals too."

Mother swallowed at last. She stared into her plate at a baby partridge breast. I felt better, though wished Grandpa had played quiet-Bob like he'd promised.

"I know a tale," Leaf said, "and hit's truth. I be to tell."

"Truth?" Mother asked sharply.

"Gourd-head and tell," Father joked. I could see he was glad Grandpa hadn't eaten that buzzard.

"Besure it's truth," Mother said, her voice pitching high and thin.

"We could do with a dust of honesty."

Grandpa cocked his head. He was a bit anxious.

"It was this morning," Leaf began. "That thar worm medicine was retching my innards."

Mother grasped the tabletop. Her knuckles grew white and bloodless; her face turned the color of dough.

"I went running behind the barn," Leaf said, "and there was Grandpa and Todd smoking. Todd a-smoking a cob pipe

Grandpa made for him, a-blowing smoke big as Ike Pike. I be to have me a pipe too."

Grandpa's chin quivered. His shoulders sagged, and he leaned forward. He seemed old, old. His eyes watered. Tears ran down the wrinkles of his cheeks.

Leaf hushed and stared, suddenly regretting having told. He could not think why Grandpa wept. His lips trembled, trying to patch the hurt. "Grandpa," he said, "did you ever eat a snail pie?"



AFTER THE BLOSSOMING

BY EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

Now that the time of fullness has arrived,
 The drowsy murmur of unnumbered bees
 That in rose-ruffled hollyhocks are hived
 Beats in the heart's deep-noted harmonies.
 Over low-lying hills the coral bars
 Lent by the peach have felt the earthward pull;
 Gone is the fragrance with the plum's white stars
 Sifted to earth to free the fed ovule.
 Now here again is stillness on the land,
 The sleepy silence of fruits ripening,
 Before the gold and scarlet bulbs expand
 Against a sky where thin white banners cling.
 Rhythmic is summer linking limb and root,
 Keeping the ordinance of seed and fruit.

LIFE ON THE *DAILY WORKER*

BY HOWARD RUSHMORE

SINCE the New York *Daily Worker* was founded in 1924, under the editorship of William F. Dunne, as the Kremlin's chief mouthpiece in America, it has had a certain lure for the socially-minded newspaperman. Perhaps its struggle for survival against an unfriendly world gave the paper a halo of martyrdom that touched the romantic heart of the proletariat of the Fourth Estate. Viewed from a bourgeois city room, the *Daily Worker* seemed boldly militant in calling names, ignoring libel laws and defending the much-maligned underdog, Stalin. Until a year ago I still met "capitalist" reporters earning several times what I did who said they would give their right arms to have my job — they yearned to be Stalin's press agents. All that was changed last August, when press-agenting for Stalin suddenly meant press-agenting for Hitler as well. But before that happened a good many of us had the chance to savor life on the New York edition of the Moscow press.

The dingy little city room at 35 East 12th Street offered a career of sorts. In the earlier days of the paper's existence only comrades who had been beaten over the head in the class struggle were given police cards and a typewriter. Harry Raymond, City Hall reporter, spent six months in jail as aftermath of a 1930 demonstration, which qualified him for the *Daily Worker* staff. Si Gerson, the Alger boy of the *Worker*, destined to rise to the heights of assistant to the Borough President of Manhattan, also came to East 12th Street with arrests on the picket lines to his credit. But many of us who came to the paper later needed no such wounds, since it was a mild period of democratic slogans and benign collaboration with Roosevelt, Father Divine and the ghosts of Jefferson and Lincoln. Personally I could only point with pride to my proletarian and American background, my bourgeois newspaper experience being of little moment to the *Daily Worker*.

Indeed, those of us who had been

capitalist reporters had much to unlearn. We were given to understand quickly that facts and figures are just bourgeois prejudices if they doublecross the party line. No communist demonstration was ever let down by the *Daily Worker*. If a dozen comrades were out soap-boxing, their class-war organ never put the figure below three thousand. Lenin's observation that "no strike is ever lost" was a city desk rule, especially if the strike was led by communists. Those of us who, out of bourgeois habit, tried to write the news as it happened were told off in a hurry. Since the average *Daily Worker* reporter seldom if ever read the immortal speeches of Stalin and Browder, fitting the news into the party-line groove of the moment was not always easy, and the city desk could never relax its vigilance.

When news could not be fitted to print, it was simply ignored. During the Nazi spy trials in New York two years ago the *Daily Worker* splashed the story on its front page for weeks, giving it bigger play than any other metropolitan sheet. That, before Hitler joined the Moscow people's front, was news. But soon thereafter a number of Soviet agents were hauled in on the West Coast, and a trial of Soviet spies took place in

New York. Neither of these events took place, however, as far as the *Daily Worker* record goes. During the 1936 election campaign, the President repudiated the Communist Party's support as un-American. The *Daily Worker* was not ruffled. It deleted the passage from the UP story and waxed even more enthusiastic over FDR.

It was a bit of a shock to those of us who thought of the "People's Champion of Liberty, Peace, Progress and Prosperity" as a newspaper rather than a subsidized propaganda bulletin. Left-wing and liberal organizations opposed to the Kremlin dictatorship were either ignored or blasted editorially. The city desk had a long blacklist of writers, union leaders and politicians who had at one time or another opposed the party line. These untouchables were kept out of the *Daily Worker* columns even if at the moment they were serving the cause nobly and well. Edwin Seaver, for three years book reviewer on the *Daily Worker*, was told to ignore all works by anti-Stalin writers if he could not smear them. His editors thought nothing of ignoring a pro-labor best seller if it was written by an anti-Stalin author — in any choice between labor and Stalin, the paymaster of course won out. Such an author was "a hireling of

the counterrevolutionary Trotskyist traitors." In the city room we often joked irreverently about these editorial clichés. We maintained that the composing room had three standing lines of type: (a) "counterrevolutionary Trotskyist," (b) "fascist warmonger," and (c) "enemy of the working class."

II

I had three years of the *Daily Worker*, starting in the spring of 1937 as movie reviewer and feature editor. A rather typical reporter with a background of mid-Western city room experience, I had a lot of stubborn illusions. The most stubborn of all was the idea that on the *Daily Worker* I would write as I pleased. It took my first movie review to teach me otherwise — and my last movie review of *Gone With the Wind*, to get me fired. I forget the name of that first picture or its plot. But I remember how one of the editors pounced on me. "You must always apply the light of Marxism to Hollywood," he warned me. "Political consciousness is necessary even in film criticism." I tried to keep that in mind, but movies proved to be bourgeois sirens. For instance, I praised *Good-bye Mr. Chips* as a beautifully acted film, but the *New Masses* and my

editors said the picture was just pure Chamberlainism. I failed to smell out John Bull in another Hollywood lure, *Man of Conquest*, and called it a fine cinema biography of Sam Houston. Next day one of the leading comrades accused me of serving the cause of American imperialism. He hadn't seen the picture but he was sure I had fallen for Hollywood propaganda. I tried to make up for this political lapse by giving Gary Cooper particular hell when he appeared in *The Real Glory*, which concerned the Philippines. The same comrade congratulated me on my growing application of historical materialism to a given situation and United Artists.

All of this, I began to feel, was putting truth in the dogma house. At one of the weekly staff meetings I suggested timidly that the *Daily Worker* could stand a little more "capitalist" technique in the news columns. In this I was joined by several other reporters. The suggestion created a minor panic. The five members of the editorial board raised their eyebrows and their voices. Across the barricade of typewriters Comrade Harry Gannes, the foreign editor who predicted Haile Selassie would defeat Mussolini and later placed the Pyrenees in the Alps, screamed indignantly

that treason was in the air. Comrade Abe Magil, another editor, said coldly, "The *Daily Worker* cannot be classified under the bourgeois term 'newspaper.'" "In that case," said a staff member, "a *Daily Worker* man can't be called a reporter. What'n hell is he?" "He," said Comrade Gannes, "is a revolutionist." We got together after the meeting and discussed ways and means of flashing our police cards and saying, "I'm a revolutionist from the *Daily Worker*."

Contrary to the popular notion that a communist office is a den of iniquity, we were not permitted the one vice of capitalist newspapermen — poker. Most of us had learned the beauties of stud and draw in bourgeois city rooms, and between stories we would gather in the telegraph room where the non-communist telegraph operator would make up the fourth man. The editors called the operator a poker-playing, whiskey-drinking capitalist and broke it up. We envied Harry Raymond, our City Hall reporter, who would come in from his beat with tales of glorious games of stud. But Harry also had his Waterloo. During a strike on the Brooklyn *Eagle*, he spent most of his hours off duty as did most of the other reporters, on the picket line. But the five editors

never took their turn. Harry objected at a staff meeting one day, and from then on nothing he did met with the approval of the editors. His stories and eventually his spirit were killed.

Harry did have one last brief moment of rebellion. The City Hall reporters were constantly ragging him about the odd facts in the stories under his byline. He couldn't explain that the editorial board altered copy to suit Stalin's latest whim. The climax came when editor Clarence Hathaway made Harry completely rewrite a speech of Congressman Vito Marcantonio. The other reporters wondered if Vito had made two speeches and asked Harry to explain his curious version. The heckling went to his head, and one night Harry came to 12th Street full of rebellion. He slapped the managing editor's favorite lady friend and threw a spike through the editor's glass door. Then he stalked out proudly. His triumph was brief. Sam Don, the managing editor, fresh from four years at Stalin's training school in Moscow, acted with true Bolshevik firmness. He didn't mind the broken glass, he told a special staff meeting, but the broken ideals of Comrade Raymond. Harry arose before the staff and the grim-eyed editorial board and confessed:

"Comrades, I was a bourgeois." Comrade Don and the other editors thereupon smiled a pleased smile. "Harry," said Don, "that was wonderfully invigorating." Poor Harry couldn't look the rest of us in the eye for weeks.

Two weeks later another veteran reporter, Ed McSorley, was led up to the altar of the *Daily Worker* confessional. Ed had seen several years in the tough city room of the old tabloid *Graphic*, where alcohol was the only typewriter oil. On the *Daily Worker* the editorial board accused him, of all things, of getting drunk. Comrade Don turned Ed's confession into a good old revival meeting, after which the grace of Stalin shone through the clouds of evil and Haig & Haig. But McSorley didn't see the light and the staff meeting for his confession became a regular event, with a return appearance practically guaranteed. Approximately once a month Ed faced the staff and reaffirmed his belief in the class struggle.

Additional entertainment was supplied by the editors themselves. Browder appointed Sam Don managing editor. Clarence Hathaway had for years threatened Browder's place in the Central Committee, so Don's promotion relegated Hathaway to an obscure office where he could brood to his heart's content.

His name appeared on the masthead, but Don ran the show. Comrade Gannes, sure that he and not Sam Don was the logical one to take over, seemed displeased. One day we heard from the editorial sanctum a delicious sound of blows. The mutual jealousies had overflowed in violence. A few weeks later Comrade Gannes went to the hospital for ear trouble, which may have been coincidence.

In all my years on newspapers I had never seen a staff so unanimously against its editors as the *Daily Worker* city room boys. The editorial board was composed of political hacks who had backed the right communist factions at the proper time. They not only received more pay than the ordinary staff man, but were able to wangle their wives or sweethearts into jobs in the well-heeled "front" organizations. The reporters had no such luck. Their wages were approximately half the minimum Newspaper Guild scale. We all tried to earn extra money by outside writing. The editorial board, however, blocked these efforts, accusing us of "selling out to the capitalists" if we placed a magazine piece. In one way and another the editors won our cordial hatred. That hatred extended to all departments. Fred Ellis, editorial cartoonist, ranked

among America's aces until he went to the *Daily Worker*. There he took a cruel mental beating — the editorial board normally gave him the ideas and he had to make the cartoons to fit. Comrade Don had a favorite subject: a hydra with heads of Hitler, Mussolini and Chamberlain, sweeping its tentacles toward the Soviet Union. The day after the Stalinazi pact was signed Fred walked about the city room holding his head. "I ain't sure," he said, "but I got an idea that hydra is due for an overhauling."

III

The pact distressed all of the *Daily Worker* reporters who still retained an archaic sense of honesty. Mike Gold, the columnist, promptly took a month's vacation. The rest of us couldn't duck so easily. Two of the more obscure members of the staff had an especially hard time of it. One of them was the Negro girl in charge of the "Letters to the Editor" department. Immediately after the pact was signed her desk piled up with letters from indignant party members demanding an explanation of the Nazi alliance. The poor girl was startled, since the average *Daily Worker* reader is normally the most trusting of souls. After the "explana-

tion" was published, the indignant letters doubled in volume. The comrades just weren't satisfied. One day I caught the humble letter editor staring at a huge stack of mail, her eyes filled with tears. The trouble, she revealed, was that Comrade Don wanted her to destroy all the condemnatory letters, printing only the occasional one hailing the pact — "but there ain't none like he wants." The managing editor, however, put the staff to work writing fake letters of approval, and the angry fan mail went to the furnace. The copy boy carried it out in bushel baskets.

The troubles of that copy boy also multiplied. The *Daily Worker* never uses a photograph of a person off the current Stalin line; staff artists instead make hideous caricatures of him. For years Hitler had thus been presented to the readers. Now poor Spencer, the copy boy, had to find a nice, smiling, full-face of Adolf and destroy all caricatures of the new comrade. The pretty cuts of the Roosevelt smile also went into the furnace. This last order was a shock to Spencer. A few months before, he told me, he had heard Comrade Don say "President Roosevelt will go down in history as the greatest leader America ever had." The copy boy had therefore destroyed the

FDR caricatures. "Stalin sure makes it tough on me," he complained.

Stalin also made it tough on Browder — the chief had that much in common with his lowliest employee. The day after the Nazi-Soviet get-together Browder waited in Yonkers for the private cable from Stalin that never came. Finally he faced the reporters of all papers demanding a statement. He smiled knowingly and promised an "escape clause" in the pact that would permit Stalin to fight Hitler anyhow if necessary. When the text came through, minus such a clause, Browder stumbled out of the *Daily Worker* telegraph room, his face dead white, his eyes rolling. The rest of us were sick inside and went around in a daze. Comrade Art Shields, assigned to query "the man in the street" on the pact, returned with "interviews" in which all his characters spoke adoringly of Stalin and Hitler and their big deal. Sam Don read it and opined, "This is the truth we don't get in the capitalist press." *Daily Worker* reporters on outside beats, ribbed without mercy by capitalist reporters, were pretty gloomy and discouraged. Our mental state was not helped any by the fact that pay envelopes began to dwindle, and

eight of us were put on a no-salary basis. Non-communist members of the Newspaper Guild threw salt on our wounds by demanding why the *Daily Worker*, allegedly a labor paper, wasn't paying union wages.

I resigned from Stalin's paper in December. The immediate cause was my refusal to pan *Gone With the Wind*, but behind it was my accumulated disgust with lying for the cause, murderous office politics, and the general atmosphere of sticky mental chicanery in which the paper lives. Many comrade reporters still cling grimly and unhappily to their typewriters. A lot of them are decent fellows, too muddled or too scared of being jobless to break. I hear from underground sources that confessions are more numerous, because the consolations of the bottle are needed to drown out the bad taste of the Nazi tie-up. I hear that an edition is never put to bed now without that final cable from Moscow; that a handsome cut of Benito has been placed in the morgue "just in case"; that no one smiles any longer on East 12th Street. No longer do "capitalist" reporters buy beer for *Daily Worker* men and say wistfully "I'd give my right arm to have your job." An illusion is dead — killed by Joe and Adolf.

THE 3 X MURDERS

BY JACK G. MAUDER

ON Wednesday evening, June 11, 1930, while New Yorkers were worrying about a calamitous new drop in stocks or speculating on the outcome of the impending Sharkey-Schmeling fight, the first act of a drama which was soon to crowd all other news from the headlines was being enacted in the College Point district of Queens. Joseph Mozyński, known after his death to millions of tabloid readers as "the Don Juan groceryman of College Point," was sitting in the rear seat of a car he used for making deliveries, in a secluded lane near Whitestone Landing. His companion was a remarkable young woman of nineteen, Miss Catharine May. While they were sitting there, according to the story Miss May later told to the police, a stranger appeared at the rear door of the car and, without speaking, shot Mozyński dead. He then ordered Miss May from the car and raped her. After burning some letters bearing Miss May's name, the killer escorted her to a nearby trolley line and put her on a car to

College Point. Before they parted, he handed her a note with the admonition not to read it until the next day.

Miss May rode home and went to bed without reporting the murder and attack to the police, because, she said, she was too frightened and did not want her family to know she was "mixed up with a married man." On Thursday afternoon the police traced her through a bloodsoaked coat which she had left in the car. When confronted with it, she readily admitted having been with Mozynski, told her story, and showed them the note which the killer had given her. It was printed with a rubber stamp in red ink, and read:

Joseph Mozynski

3 X

3-X-097

Miss May was certain the killer had not composed the note while at the scene of the murder.

The police were skeptical of Miss May's story. They believed that she had known the murderer and had put Mozynski "on the spot."

They took her to headquarters for questioning and held her in \$50,000 bail as a material witness. Tiring of the police grilling, she revised her story and said that one Alberto Lombardo, an Italian gangster from the lower east side of Manhattan, had committed the murder. The police soon established the falsity of this statement and resumed questioning Miss May. She remained adamant, calmly refusing to be confused and correcting the faulty grammar of her inquisitors. The police theory resulted in the arrest of a former admirer of hers, one Joseph Moisset, who was held for questioning in Chicago.

Up to this point, the metropolitan newspapers had taken no interest in the murder of an obscure grocer in College Point. But on Friday the *Evening Journal* suddenly featured the story on page one. Its interest, however, lay in the fact that the victim and his companion were caught *flagrante delicto*, and it extended vulgar sympathy to the bereaved mother of "six" (a slight exaggeration, since there were only two Mozynski children). The *Times*, apparently less upset by the moral issues, devoted but a brief paragraph to the case. It reported the impasse in Miss May's questioning, and took notice of Moisset's arrest.

On Friday afternoon, the city editor of the *Journal* received a note which read:

Kindly print this letter in your paper for Mozynski's friends: "CC-NY ADCM-Y16a-DQR-PA—241 PM6 Queens." By doing this you may save their lives. We do not want any more shooting unless we have to.

Many such notes are received by editors and this one was dismissed as the work of a crank. On Saturday, the *Journal* received a second and longer letter in the same handwriting:

Ref: Mozynski
Queens

Gentlemen: For your information the young lady, Miss C. May, involved in the case is innocent and a victim of unfortunate circumstances. Mozynski was nothing but a rascal — a dirty rat. Not two women as stated in the papers, but six and two young girls, one 14 and one 15, were with him in that same place. I am the agent of a secret international order and when I met Mozynski that night it was to get from him certain documents but unfortunately they were not in his possession at that time.

The letter went on to enumerate the documents which were to be returned and warned that if they were not forthcoming at once, "fourteen more of Mozynski's friends will join him." The killer described his gun as to make, caliber and type of ammunition, and signed the letter with a curious code of four symbols: the first an

inverted V underscored, the second V followed by 3 X. This second letter seemed more significant and was turned over to the police. It was written on the stationery of the Civil Service Bureau office at College Point, where Miss May was employed, and might have been the work of some misguided friend trying to do her a service.

II

On the following Monday night, June 16, Noel Sowley, twenty-six years old, was shot while sitting in a parked car with Miss Betty Ring in a desolate auto dump near Creedmore, Queens. Sowley was a radio technician who lived in Bergen Beach. Miss Ring was the daughter of a policeman in Hollis, Queens. She had once been very friendly with Sowley, and after a short-lived marriage with another had begun seeing him again. Her story as she told it later to the police was strikingly similar in essentials to that told by Miss May. A stranger, vaguely resembling Mozynski's killer, suddenly appeared at the window of Sowley's car and, brandishing a gun, demanded his driver's license. Sowley complied, and inquired what was the matter. The stranger turned toward the rear of the car and flickered his flashlight

in a series of dots and dashes. In answer to Sowley's query concerning this action, he said he was signalling his friends on the hill that he needed no assistance.

The stranger then walked to the rear of the car and flashed his light on the license plate. Returning to the window, he said, "You're the guy we want all right. You're going to get what Joe got." Thereupon he fired two bullets into Sowley's head. He rummaged through the dead man's pockets, but Miss Ring was unable to see whether or not he took anything. She escaped Miss May's fate by pleading fervently and displaying a religious medal which hung about her neck. As with Miss May, the murderer escorted her to a nearby bus line and rode part of the way home with her. On leaving her, he gave her a note similar to the one received by Miss May. She continued home and did not communicate with the police until after Sowley's body was found.

The murderer, apparently impatient with the lack of publicity his actions were receiving, was up bright and early the following morning to post two letters before 8 A.M. One was addressed to the police, the other to the *Journal*. The former, which contained two empty cartridges, ran as follows:

Inspector J. J. Gallagher,
Lieutenant J. Smith.

For your information, one more of J. Mozynski's friends was sent to meet him. V-5 Sowley was shot to death near Floral Park and not very far away from police signal station. I enclose the two empty shells. Some of our money was found on his person and the N. Y. document. The girl was, as in the case of Miss May, put aboard a bus and sent home — but no clues were left for you this time. Thirteen more men and one woman will go if they do not make peace with us and stop bleeding us to death.

The police found Sowley's body before receiving the note. In one of the dead man's pockets was discovered a newspaper clipping about Mozynski's death with the pencilled notation, "Here's how," on the margin. Ballistic experts found that both men had been killed with bullets from the same gun. What had started as an insignificant homicide had now become a sensational drama. The case had all the elements of the most lurid type of mystery fiction: taunting notes to the police, an international secret organization, all surrounded by an aura of sex. The tabloids proclaimed the menace in banner headlines, printed pictures of the death cars, and reproduced the notes. In the *Times* for June 19 the story made the first page, second only to Admiral Byrd's reception at City Hall. Panic swept the city.

Mothers kept their daughters home in the evenings, and lovers' lanes all over the city were deserted. When another note from the slayer announced that a third body would be found that night, the police seemed to join in the general hysteria and Queens took on the appearance of a beleaguered city. An extra force of 425 detectives and 2000 patrolmen was assigned to the less-frequented areas of the borough. Two Emergency Squads and a fleet of automobiles equipped with machine guns were pressed into service against the lone killer. A police circular issued to all patrolmen gave two descriptions of the criminal:

(A) Forty years old, five feet six inches, 125 pounds, pale complexion, wrinkled face, dark clothes, dark gray soft hat, speaks with foreign accent.

(B) Thirty years old, six feet, 165 pounds, pale complexion, thin face, sunken cheeks, lanky build, little hump on bridge of nose, small eyes, thick lips, peculiar teeth, wore black suit, black bow tie, white shirt, soft white collar and black fedora hat with telescope brim. Speaks with accent indicating German extraction. Wore a small round bronze button on left lapel of coat marked "Rifle Association."

The disparity of these descriptions was rivalled only by the variety of suspects rounded up by the police. None could be identified by Miss May or Miss Ring as the

killer, but they offer an interesting sidelight on the nocturnal pastimes of Queens residents. One man was found "crawling in a clump of weeds and tall grass near College Point." Another, seated alone in a darkened car, shouted when a patrolman suddenly flashed a light in his face, "I didn't kill anybody." The patrolman took him along just to make sure.

III

The promised third murder did not occur. On Saturday morning 3 X made his appearance in Philadelphia. His arrival was announced in a letter posted in that city and addressed to John Mozynski, a brother of the first victim. It threatened him with death unless he returned "those papers." John Mozynski was a plumber in Port Richmond, a Philadelphia suburb. He professed total ignorance of any papers or secret organization and was afforded police protection. While Philadelphia was still waiting for the murderer to strike, the center of attention shifted swiftly back to New York. The police received a long, partly incoherent letter in which the killer promised the murders would cease:

DEAR SIR: The last document, N.J. 4-3-44 returned to us the 19 at 9 P.M.

My mission is ended. There is no further cause for worry. I do not know Doctor Williams and the others. The first sign means A, the supreme tribunal of the order. The second V, its special agent. The two combined form the Red Diamond of Russia, a secret organization all over the world. Anyone breaking its rules is marked for death. These men were dismissed for treason. They were all our friends but came in contact with a gang of blackmailers and a drug ring and turned against us. One of them stole the documents mentioned before and they tried to use them for black-mailing our men here. Most of us are soldiers and every nation in the world is represented in our ranks.

Word came to us at the supreme council in Russia of the peril in the U.S. Twelve of us picked one card. Mine was the king of diamonds. I was the one selected to punish, and inflict death if necessary. I have patiently waited. I have warned them all of danger. Instead of heeding the warning they answered me by blackmail. They were requested many times for the return of the papers but refused to surrender them. It was when Mozynski died that they found out who I am. Now it is all over. The documents in question — one is a military document, another is political and the third one just surrendered is commercial. Who am I? Not much. An ex-German Army officer of the Wilhelm St. Office, Berlin, during the war. Now in the service of the Red Diamond of Russia. Yes the code was addressed to Sowley. Now it is all over. You show me to be brave. Any man who took orders from this 77 is fearless. Your policemen are brave men only they need training. I was watching them at C.P. on the 18th at 9 sharp.

A German officer never breaks his word — yes, right there. Have you heard a plane? It was a monoplane,

small, very fast. The plane circled twice over Flushing, C.P. Bayside, then went away. If you did then you will know I was there. . . . I have no fish eyes. The police have fish eyes. . . . They have always been wrong from beginning to end. That is why they have lost from beginning to end. For two reasons. One I have stated to you. The other, they are too slow.

I am deeply sorry for having stained your country with blood but let this be a warning to all concerned — treason of one word means death. The next time no mercy will be shown. Death only will be the penalty, but I hope I will not be the one to inflict it next time. We are not maniacs or bandits or robbers — robbery never was the motive and we do not belong to any dope ring. This is final. You know what we want you to know. Quiet your people and tell them that 3 X is no more.

H.P. 12W. A.

Do not let anyone fool you, if any more letters come they are fakes. I am leaving today on my way back to Russia. Please note I do not write USSR. We do not recognize them. There is no one else to begin trouble. It is settled.

H.P. 12W. A.

The killer kept his word and the murders and letters abruptly ceased. There were subsequent notes and phone calls purporting to be from 3 X, but none of them proved authentic. Some were ordinary crank notes, some attempts at forgery, and some even strove to cover up other crimes. Efforts to track down the killer were complicated by a horde of crackpots wanting to "confess" or offering "clues."

By June 24, less than two weeks after Mozynski's death, the police had questioned more than fifty suspects none of whom could be identified by Miss May or Miss Ring. They traced hundreds of clues and theories to their sources, but to no avail. The nearest they came to a solution seemed to be their seizure for questioning of Nicholas La Roche, 38, a Russian church sexton from Mt. Vernon, N. Y. He resembled somewhat the descriptions of the killer, his handwriting bore certain similarities to the mysterious notes, and he was a narcotic addict — it was in fact from a forged narcotics prescription that the comparison of handwriting was made. It took Miss Ring and Miss May half an hour to decide that La Roche was not the man.

After that, the police came up against a blank wall. The hue and cry in the newspapers subsided; lovers returned to their trysting places, and the mysterious figure of 3 X sank into limbo. He was not forgotten entirely, however. In October, 1937, Frances Hajek and Lewis Weiss, nineteen year old high school students, were found shot to death in a parked car in a secluded section of the Queens woods. Their foreheads were marked with crimson circles drawn with the girl's lipstick, and these strange

symbols, coupled with the surrounding circumstances, were strongly reminiscent of the 3 X murders. For a while, the police and the press sought to connect the murders, but due to the scarcity of clues the attempt was abandoned. The "lipstick murders," like the earlier killings, remain unsolved.

Unsolved, that is, by everyone except one Hal Walton who describes himself as the Chairman

for the Committee of Witnesses. In December, 1937, Mr. Walton issued a handbill which was circulated in the subways, proclaiming that the 3 X and lipstick murders as well as the Lindbergh, Mattson and Parsons kidnappings, were all part of the machinations of a German-Japanese cabal. The police, however, perhaps unapprised of Mr. Walton's neat solution, remain baffled to this day.

PROPHETIC DREAM

By CLIFFORD GESSLER

SO OUT of sleep the panther-tawny hill,
the turquoise scimitar of bay,
the leaf-brown huts, thatch yellow as lemon rind, the dust
streamlike between, and ankle-high, the stiff blades
of unknown foliage by the stilted doors.

I running without sound, pursued
by savage certainty; the sagging door,
the sun-bright straw in the empty room;
I burrowing, mole-like, and the marching feet
nearer, shuffling the furrowed dust;
mustard uniforms in the cataract of sun;
the questing blades
probing the straw — and the smooth
bayonet between the undefended ribs:

So, in a northland village, in the tenth
year of my days, I saw
the unknown land, I read the unturned page.

IMPORTED CHEESE — MADE IN THE U.S.A.

BY EDITH M. STERN

AMONG the minor discomfitures occasioned by the European war will be American gourmets' difficulties in getting cheese. However, they need suffer no deprivations. America can make any cheese that is made anywhere else — and, furthermore, it is just as good.

Some years ago, a self-styled connoisseur of cheeses was discoursing on the merits of Roquefort cheese. "It has to be made from the milk of specially bred sheep in southern France," he explained, "and it can get that characteristic blue-green mottling and unique piquancy only by ripening in the limestone caves of Roquefort. Why, I can tell the difference blindfold between genuine Roquefort and Roquefort made in America!" At the time, there was no Roquefort made in America.

Then, thanks to experiments at the Bureau of Dairy Industry of the Department of Agriculture, American cheese-makers learned how to make Roquefort. Representatives of the French government protested the use of the name,

and one of them traveled to Minnesota, where the cheese was being made. "It looks like Roquefort," he admitted grudgingly, "but it cannot possibly taste the same." "Try some," the manufacturer said, and proffered five samples. The Frenchman tasted them one by one. "Bah," he said scornfully, "this stuff no more resembles the true, the superb Roquefort, than shoddy resembles pure virgin wool." "That's odd," he was told, "two of those samples were imported from Roquefort."

Just as we have been told that a wine gets its quality from grapes grown in a particular soil so we have been impressed with the idea that good cheese embodies local peculiarities such as the salt-rich pastures of Cheshire — that imported cheeses must inevitably be superior to domestic, that cheese making is an art, passed down in European villages from father to son, and that we Americans can never hope to learn its secrets.

All of which makes delightful

dinner-table conversation, but is untrue. Cheese making is a chemical industry, not a mystic rite. Duplicate the chemical and bacteriological steps that give the famous European cheeses their distinctive textures and flavors and you reproduce them, whether you are in a Swiss valley or southern Wisconsin. Chemical analysis shows how much salt is needed to get the famous Cheshire tang, and air conditioning reproduces the cool, moist air of the Roquefort caves.

II

Though it remained for the Dairy Industry Bureau's research workers to put the industry on a scientific basis, cheese-making dates back to ancient times. Thousands of years before Christ, so legend has it, an Arab herdsman set out with his lunch: a bag of dates and some milk, carried in a bottle made of a kid's stomach. Noon came and he sat under a palm tree to eat his meal. To his dismay, he saw that the bottle no longer contained milk, but a thin watery liquid (whey) and some lumpy, yellowish-white masses (curds). He ate the curds, and found them good. Cottage cheese, the simplest form of cheese, had been discovered. What

had happened was that the kid's stomach, like that of all suckling mammals, contained the digestive ferment, rennet, which curdled the milk. In primitive cheese-making, rennet extract is obtained by soaking a dried calf's stomach in whey and standing it overnight in a warm place. In scientific cheese-making, rennet in liquid or powdered form is produced in laboratories.

Milk also curdles, as every housewife knows, without the introduction of any extraneous agent. Some cheeses are made without the addition of rennet, but through utilization of the bacteria occurring in the original milk. The method of manufacture — how the curds are treated as they heat in a vat, the amount of salt used and the method of salting, the temperature and humidity of the rooms where cheeses are ripened and cured — determines whether a batch of milk will emerge as soft, odorous Limburgers or hard, mild-flavored Edams.

Swiss cheese, for instance, depends on a succession of fermentations by different bacteria at exactly the right stage of manufacture, and requires complicated and delicate control. The milk is warmed quickly in huge copper vats, with temperature maintained at a point favorable to certain

growths and discouraging to others. In the vat it is stirred until the curd forms into firm granules like wheat grains. The whey is drained off and the curd pressed into large wooden hoops. Since the cheese spoils unless the entire contents of a vat is poured into a single hoop, Swiss cheeses weigh from 160 to 200 pounds.

There comes a critical point, three or four hours later, when the temperature drops. Certain bacterial growths stop and gas-forming bacteria become active. To combat them and limit their activity other micro-organisms are introduced, and the cheese is moved to a cool room and bathed in salt. After a while it is moved to a warm room with a temperature of 70–75°, and the bacteria which give it its delectable sweetish flavor begin to develop. At the same time these bacteria form gas. Unlike Cheddar, whose open texture permits the gas to escape, the rubbery texture of Swiss holds it in. It forms bubbles which expand and make holes or “eyes”; their uniform size and evenness is the test of good Swiss cheese. When the cheese has swelled to a certain point it is moved again to a cool room, where it is aged for five or six months.

The best American Swiss is unsurpassed by any made abroad.

There are two reasons, however, why the delusion persists that imported Swiss is always superior. All kinds of domestic cheese — insufficiently aged, too dry, overloaded with eyes — get on the market, while only the best products are imported: the thrifty Swiss themselves consume the poorer grades. Second, shopkeepers and restaurateurs have a way of calling any superior Swiss cheese “Imported” and any inferior one “Domestic.”

The manufacture of Swiss cheese is a thriving little industry here, and several of our factories are larger than any in Switzerland. Most of the cheese made in the United States and Canada is, however, Cheddar — American or store-cheese to most consumers. English in origin, Cheddar is one of the oldest cheeses on record. It was described as the best cheese in an English publication of 1655. A monster Cheddar, made from the milk of 750 cows, was presented as a bridal offering to Queen Victoria in 1840 by the people of the Cheddar district. Now there is more of it made in the United States and Canada than at its traditional source; it is what you eat with apple pie, what you melt on toast, what you use in a recipe when no particular type is specified.

III

There are about 2500 different names for European cheeses, but their multiplicity is misleading. Sometimes identical cheeses are made in neighboring valleys and given different names. Cheeses, though they vary in size, shape, odor, texture, and flavor, fall into only a few general types. There are the soft cheeses, which include the unripened, like cottage and cream, and the ripened. The ripened are subdivided into those ripened by molds on the surface that produce ferments penetrating into the interior, like Camembert and Brie, and those ripened by bacteria working from the inside out, like Limburger.

The second general classification is hard cheeses, subdivided into semi-hard and hard. Hard cheeses with gas holes are those like Swiss and Parmesan; hard without eyes are Cheddar, Edam, and Gouda. Under the semi-hard classification come the mold-ripened Roquefort, Stilton, and Gorgonzola, and the bacteria-ripened Brick and Muenster. Altogether there are fewer than two dozen main types of cheese — and despite Epicurean propaganda we can make every one of them, with all variations.

Duplication of world-famous cheeses is, however, only one phase

of the Bureau's encouragement of American cheese manufacture. It continually develops ways of minimizing waste so that the cost of good cheese can be reduced. Under the old rule-of-thumb methods even the European cheese maestros turn out only about 30 per cent first rate cheeses. With the use of test tubes, thermometers, air-conditioned curing rooms, and laboratory cultures, the proportion of perfect products is 80 per cent. Cheddar, once cut, dries, and the crumbled outer edge is waste for which the consumer pays: therefore methods of canning have been devised.

The Bureau's chemists also find ways of utilizing the whey that constitutes 90 per cent of the original milk. Formerly it was thrown out or given to the pigs, which didn't like it. Now it can be turned into lactic acid, an industrial chemical especially useful in the manufacture of plastics; concentrated, as a nutritious and digestible substitute for sugar in candy; whipped, and used in place of eggs in cake-making.

But even with lowered costs, fine cheese-making is unlikely to become a large scale American industry, because it is dependent on local milk supply. Though with improved transportation there has

been, in recent years, a tendency to concentrate manufacture, it remains the province of smaller factories. These factories turn out more cheese than those in any other country and use 6,209,560,000 pounds of milk annually.

There is still room for enormous growth in domestic manufacture of cheese. Compared with European cheese-makers we are still infants. The first commercial cheese factory was opened in Rome, N. Y., as late as 1851. Per capita consumption of cheese has been slowly grow-

ing, but we rank only eighth in the list of cheese-eating nations. Nor is our national taste in cheese highly developed, and the scientists and the meticulous cheese manufacturers are still catering to the minority who know fine cheese.

In the meantime, however, before we become a nation of cheese-fanciers, we can lose our inferiority complex in regard to the natives of Edam, Gorgonzola, or Emmenthal. What they can do, can be done here — and what's more, done with less of a gamble.



SIDE-HILL FARM

BY FRANCES FROST

THE thing about driving to town with the milk,
he says, is coming back home again
to the house that clings to its butternut slope
flanked by ells the color of rain.

A side-hill farm will keep a man fearless;
a side-hill farm, he says, is the place,
being close to the sky, for knowing the sky,
for looking a mountain straight in the face.

The thing about tramping down to the valley,
he says, is climbing back up once more
and shying a butternut over your shoulder
and walking in by the woodshed door.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

President Roosevelt and the Communists

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT is by all odds the most betrayed President on record. Successive shifts of advisers and brain-trusters have slunk or stamped from his fireside to fill columns (some of them, worse luck, widely syndicated) with unkind afterthoughts. The name of his cronies turned croakers is legion; it is also Johnson, Warburg, Moley, High, etc. They have in common retentive memories and a literary flair, expressed in reminiscence for mass circulation. One of them even put his unhappy political love in a book which caused the President to remark that the author was one who kisses your toe and tells. But no betrayal is so heartless or so embarrassing to its victim as the one now spread shamelessly in the communist and fellow-traveler press. The tragedy is summed up best, perhaps, by the fact that though Mr. Roosevelt remains a communist to the economic royalists, he has become an economic royalist to the communists. Surely of all the wrecked romances whose ghosts

haunt the White House none has been sadder, funnier, more complicated or goofier than that between the New Deal and the Communist Party. We would need the combined talents of Gilbert, Sullivan, Rube Goldberg and — for the tragic touches — Aeschylus to do the saga justice. Lacking them, we can merely indicate a few of the more remarkable elements in the tale:

1. The prelude to the great love was a no meaner hate. This was during the first three and a half years or so of the New Deal, which Comrade Browder described as late as August, 1935, as “a policy of brutal oppression at home and of imperialist war abroad . . . in this sense one can say that Roosevelt is the same as Hitler, in that both are executives of finance capital.” This was one of the politer opinions of FDR in communist society, but it gives you the general idea.

2. The affair, while it lasted, was piously disclaimed by one party and proudly proclaimed by the other. The President’s rejection of

the Communist Party endorsement of his candidacy in 1936, for instance, only prodded the Sovieteers to new bursts of affection. The thing thus had throughout an ambiguous and illicit character. It became, indeed, the most advertised secret in public life. Mr. Browder's political relatives and pensioners soon filled the manifold New Deal set-ups. Mr. Roosevelt's relations, even unto Cabinet Ministers and members of his family, provided respectable façade for Moscow stooge organizations. Ideological log-rolling and political nepotism took fantastic shapes. Most fantastic of all was the fact that though the scandal proceeded quite in the open, the New Deal continued to deny everything.

3. Finally — and this brings the tale up to date — the said communist relatives and progeny remain entrenched in the national capital even now, after the romance has gone on the rocks. By the same token, the more naïve or more cynical of the New Dealers continue to patronize old and new Muscovite agencies. It almost looks as if the only way non-communist New Dealers could get rid of the infiltrated communists would be to get rid of the New Deal, and that's asking too much from any group of human beings.

That the romance has, in fact, gone to pot is not open to doubt. The communist press again boils over with invective against the President. Organizations which for years praised the New Deal — the American Youth Congress, for instance, and John L. Lewis' Labor's Non-Partisan League, and the League for Peace and Democracy before its suicide — suddenly began to curse it. There was no gradual cooling of affections, be it noted, but an explosive revulsion. The very hour of the finish can be fixed: it was the hour when Stalin and Hitler celebrated their nuptials in the Kremlin and went off happily for their honeymoon in Poland. The end, in fact, was as impulsive as the beginning, on that far-off day late in 1935 when Moscow's proclamation of the Trojan-horse-united-front policy enabled the American communists to take Jefferson, Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, Father Divine and the Bill of Rights to their bosoms.

Let there be no doubt about the seriousness of the feud. The communists are out to get Roosevelt and will play with anyone who can help them in this job. Their chief triggerman at the moment is Mr. Lewis. He is busy mobilizing everything discontented, crackpot, desperate and delirious against the

President — it is no accident, of course, that his break with the New Deal coincided with the Communist Party's break. In New York his friends (Quill of the Transport Workers Union, Watson of the Newspaper Guild, the Theatre Arts Committee, etc.) fought an expensive battle to capture the American Labor Party so that they might use it against Roosevelt. In California his man Bridges, the ham-and-egg, and the whole gang described by Rena M. Vale in our April issue ("Stalin Over California") are fighting to capture the Democratic Party from the New Deal. Mr. Lewis and his communist associates have the CIO and Labor's Non-Partisan League to build on. They are roping in the American Youth Congress, the Townsendites, the American Negro Congress. The amalgam, if it fuses, will be the first really dangerous indigenous totalitarian party in America. The process has been greatly simplified by the breakdown of artificial barriers between the fascist and communist types of totalitarianism the world over.

A more apt candidate for Führer-ship than John L. Lewis could scarcely have been made to order. He springs from the masses and pretends to speak for the masses;

fascist dictators always come from the Left, not the Right. Like all actual and potential Duces, he has few political morals, an undisguised lust for authority, a talent for sloganeering demagoguery. Along with these qualifications he possesses also immense tactical skill. The sure instinct that takes his men into strategically crucial fields like communications, transportation, power-houses, warehouses has recently come in for some notice. If it all sounds melodramatic, the fault is with the melodramatic facts.

No one knows better than Mr. Roosevelt today that collaboration with communists makes playing with fire a tidy parlor game by comparison. He knows his Administration is infested with fellow-travelers but there isn't much he can do about it. A lot of others have also acquired that knowledge the hard way: labor leaders in New York, for instance, Democrats in California, and droves of liberals and intellectuals. We can only hope, though not too optimistically, that they and others like them will not be taken in by the new false-front organizations, dozens of which are being spread to snare them, and by the political catchalls of the beetle-browed variety.

EUGENE LYONS

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

How culture came to Los Angeles is revealed at last by the local *Times*:

L. E. Behymer, veteran impresario, told of the days when Lummis aided him in bringing culture to the growing metropolis of Los Angeles. "He even got Mary Garden to sing 'I Love You, California,'" he declared.

DELAWARE

ROADSIDE humor: sign at the edge of Bridgeville, on Highway 13:

IF YOU LIVED HERE,
YOU'D BE HOME NOW

IOWA

THE annals of American achievement are again enriched, the AP reports out of Humboldt:

As a pancake consumer, Charley Sharp is slipping, but he is still among the best.

Sharp, 71, retired farmer, consumed 52 cakes and 29 cups of coffee to win a Pancake Day festival contest here.

Last year he ate 55 cakes and drank 33 cups of coffee to take top honors.

MAINE

VIRTUE is not its only reward in Maine, according to the legend at-

tached to a photograph in the Boston *Daily Globe*:

Having honored the late Capt. Hanson Gregory of Camden, Me., as the inventor of the hole in the doughnut, Maine now proposes to erect a memorial to the maker of culinary history, and sculptor Victor Kahill of Portland has made the above model. It has been suggested by prominent dunkers and doughnut lovers that the memorial be placed on Mount Battie, which overlooks Camden, "to remain forever a tribute to a great benefactor." Funds would be raised by contributions from doughnut lovers the world over.

MASSACHUSETTS

At a Boston state house hearing, counsel for milk producers attacks the credibility of a hostile witness, according to the AP:

He has appeared here and opposed a one-cent a quart increase on grounds that it would prevent an increased consumption of milk among lower income groups. Yet he is executive secretary of a birth control organization, which would reduce the consumption of milk by reducing the number of babies, who are its largest consumers.

MISSISSIPPI

DRAMA in one ad, from the Belzoni *Banner*:

Found — Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this advertisement. If she will explain to my wife how the

purse got there, I will pay for the ad myself. Phone 2479-J.

NEW YORK

LITERARY Note, culled from the "Personals" column of a distinguished literary weekly:

Lost — One ham! Will the subscriber who recently offered to barter a 20-lb. Virginia ham for a subscription to the *Saturday Review* please communicate with us. Her letter unhappily has been lost — and the mouths of the staff are watering.

THE New York *Herald Tribune* chronicles our First Lady's interest in horticulture:

The Easter hat picked by Mrs. Roosevelt has a phial concealed in its crown. Partially filled with water, this phial will hold a fresh gardenia on Easter morning. After that Mrs. Roosevelt plans to use artificial flowers.

THE well known philosopher for the tabloid New York *Daily News*, Ed Sullivan, gives a few secrets of success in our America:

Joe Penner, I see by the papers, is still doing handsomely for himself, what with pictures, a radio program and personal appearances swelling his weekly "take." . . . It was in 1934 that Penner asked Vallee, "D'you wanna buy a duck?" and he's been going strong ever since. . . . There's no doubt that such a catch-phrase is important identification. . . . Jack Pearl demonstrated that with "Was you dere, Charlie?" . . . President Roosevelt did all right with "My fra-a-nds."

. . . But nobody ever coined a phrase that packed more wallop than Penner's, and after winning attention, he was good enough to go on to substantial triumph. . . .

VIRGINIA

NOTE on social progress in the capital of the Confederacy, from a letter to the *Richmond News Leader*:

We are very proud of our fair city, the splendid capital of our beloved Virginia, yet we blush with shame when we see on the spacious lawns of the beautiful residences numerous whiskey bottles.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS CHINA

Appeal through the Shanghai North China *Daily News*:

Lost — Will gentleman who picked up fur-coat Manhattan Bar, please return blonde, who was in it? No questions asked. Walden, 86541.

FRANCE

IN an optimistic mood, *Le Matin* of Paris sums up the war situation:

Morally, our enemies are convicted; politically, the war is won. Nothing remains but to obtain military victory.

SCOTLAND

Aberdeen's *Evening Express* gives recipe for a Lord Chancellor:

Some people consider that were Malcolm MacDonald at the Bar he could if he so wished reach the office of Lord Chancellor. How many know that the Colonial Secretary can walk on his hands and sing at the same time?

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Massacre of the Mammals

AGAIN has come the quickening of the life of earth. Shadblow has bloomed again, bloodroots blossomed in black-earthed places, and the skunk cabbages thrust up their green spathes through the damp leaf mold. The migratory robins and bluebirds and phoebes have returned from their wintering places in the south; blackbirds are following the plow and calling; in every country creek the water-striders on their furry legs are darting in the sun. Woodchuck and skunk and raccoon have come out from hibernation. In a thousand forested places and grassy uplands and stream-watered meadows the mammals are hunting and feeding and breeding. But there are not as many of them faring abroad this year as once upon a time there were.

A bird or beast or fish or plant or tree must be hardy to coinhabit long a countryside with man. For many a century the passenger pigeons had withstood the preyings of hawks and owls and weasels, and still flourished; a few short years of

gun-armed man's attentions were enough to wipe the pigeons from the earth. Man went to the haunts of the wild paroquets, having a fancy to decorate his lady's hats, and the paroquets were quickly gone forever. With axe and saw and eagerness for profit man entered the enormous forests, which had for ages been prey to grub and blight and fires set by lightning and were yet unthinned; and in a brief span of decades there were million-acre wastes of land where nothing remained but stumps. No creatures of the American earth have felt the presence of man more markedly than have the wild mammals. For only a few short years, historically speaking, have man's guns been cracking; it was only yesterday that the first traps were being craftily set and the first poisoned baits scattered; but the sea-mink and the fisher are gone from their old places, a man can look for many a day and not find an otter, and where once there were beavers there is now not one.

Man's accomplishment in re-

ducing the populace of his fellow mammals of America so enormously in so short a time has resulted from his two prime fondnesses: fondness for personal gain, which is called business, and fondness for killing, which is called sport. The first of these, since better organized, has been the more efficient. The foolishness and greed of individual men in butchering their oak and fir and elm has not been able to accomplish so vast and ghastly a deforestation as has the organized business of lumbering for profit; and similarly man's sporting gunfire, although the total of its massacre is impressive, has not been able to match the killings of the fur trade. In this land the fur trade was one of the first and most delightedly followed of all commercial pursuits. Early American fortunes were built on the myriad hides of small wood-creatures, and in the eighteenth century wealthy gentlemen as far away as Paris were growing rapidly wealthier on the proceeds of their agents' trapping among the muskrats of Louisiana. The American fur trade from the first showed promise of great and easy profit, and so it was pursued with the sort of energy no other kind of promise can enlist. All over the virgin country the traders scattered,

founding the outposts which in a later day became cities, blazing the trails that later highway-routes followed, and in the course of their business killing the native mammals on so vast a scale that the late Dr. Osborn was moved to say, on contemplation of the record, that "nothing in the history of creation has quite paralleled these ravages."

It could not keep up, of course.

So gargantuan a slaughter had to slacken in time, if only because the most fecund species could not maintain the supply of victims. But the massacre of the few remaining mammals even now is worth remark. Man kills at present, in the United States, well over sixty million mammals every year.

That is the figure that the Department of Agriculture quotes. It is hard to know the total volume of the carnage. Even now, when creature after creature has disappeared from its old haunts, and when half a dozen kinds of mammals are on the brink of extinction, only seven of the forty-eight states require reports from trappers. And licensed trappers are naturally not the only ones who trap. Farmers and farm boys, the Bureau of Biological Survey has said, are probably a large majority of trappers. But on the basis of even minimum official statistics it is an es-

established fact that man in America still kills more fur-bearing animals than in any other country on earth. Five hundred thousand moleskins from North America have lately been marketed in a year, and 850,000 pelts of skunks. Year after year the agents of the fur trade have gone out into the woods and fields, taking with them poison and steel traps, and now the once common marten is rarely to be found among the high branches of the mountain ash, seeking out berries, the raccoons are gone from many of the stream-banks which they used to frequent, and even cottontails have grown so rare in many parts that they must be imported.

II

If the professional fur trade, animated by wish for gain, has accomplished nearly incredible depredation, the plain citizen, animated by simple love of killing, has made a record not much less remarkable. From its earliest days this has been a land of hunters. The first frontiersmen found a continent so abundant with game that they were moved to kill with no motive but amusement, and the tradition — while the game has dwindled and in the case of many species vanished wholly — has persisted. It was the rural hunters of America who devised the entertaining practice of seeking out squirrels' nests in midwinter, when there is no foliage to hide them from preying eyes, and letting fly a shotgun blast which killed every squirrel in the nest. This was good fun 200 years ago, men felt, and some millions of country voters insist that it is still good fun today. The hunters of America — meaning every farmer or hired hand able to lift a gun barrel and squeeze a trigger — are zealous guardians of what they take to be their inalienable rights as freeborn citizens. Let a species of bird or beast or fish increase, be it ever so slightly, in a region where it has been near extinction, and there is clamor for a longer open season. Let a move be made to halt the wholesale indiscriminate killing of crows — birds which a dozen scientific surveys have found to be generally man's friend and not his foe — and there is enough angry protest from farmers to defeat it. The rural hunters of America, the plain citizens, have been especially efficient in safeguarding their right to massacre the mammals. Smoking and tree-cutting and the digging of dens — these are diversions which the country citizen does not pro-

pose to surrender. Raccoons and opossums grow rarer day by day, but no pot-hunting rustic intends to give up his wanderings afield or curb his hungry 'coon dogs.

The contribution of some of the organized "sportsmen" of America to the decimation of the mammals has been not inconsiderable. A "sportsman" can be defined, with some accuracy, as a citizen who is anxious to have available sufficient numbers of the particular kinds of birds or beasts he finds it most exciting to shoot, and who, to insure such availability, agitates or lobbies for the destruction of all kinds of creatures that prey on his special prey. Sportsmen have long insisted that foxes kill extensively the pheasants, grouse and quail which only sportsmen should be allowed to kill, and have successfully urged that they should on that account be free to do away with foxes. By similar logic, and with equal skill in propaganda and political pressure, they have in various regions persuaded local conservation forces and game commissions to brand as "vermin," exterminable at pleasure, kingfishers, owls, hawks, snakes, crows and carp. They have been signally successful in obtaining leave to contribute their bit to the annihilation of the mammals. Over many

an area of the country, now, officially recognized "vermin" include wildcats and mink, chipmunks and white-footed mice, gophers and chickarees. It does not matter that in most of their range the wildcats have been so slaughtered as to be nearly extinct or wholly so, or that mink are fast on their way to join the passenger pigeon and the heath hen. It does not matter that to those citizens who are not hunters or sportsmen or employees of the fur trade a mink is as precious a part of the national heritage as a grouse or bob-white, and that such citizens would like to see preserved the shy, furry dwellers of the pine-tree tops quite as much as the upland grouse.

It makes an ugly tale, the story of the fur trade and of hunting and of gluttonous sportsmanship, the story of an avarice that is likely to prevent our children from seeing many a curious woodland creature that our forefathers knew. It is hard to tell it without anger, and without a preachy sound. But it is a good story, all the same, for a man to have well fixed in his head the next time he reaches for his gun; it is a good story for him to know something about the next time he is minded to go to a secluded, swampy place where the soft-furred fishers live, and set a snare.

THE LIBRARY

Faulkner's New York Critics

BY BURTON RASCOE

WILLIAM FAULKNER certainly goes to the heads of New York reviewers who have never lived in the South and know nothing about it. His new novel, *The Hamlet*,¹ causes Mr. Milton Rugoff of the New York *Herald Tribune* to commit Adonic verse (that Greek verse form consisting of a dactyl followed by a spondee), which he sets forth in the straight line of prose. Let's break it up, boys, thus:

Out of the / rank hu / mus of / de cay
Formed by the mouldered traditions
and the

Rotted manor mansions of the Old South
Crawls a breed of characters

Who call William Faulkner master.

Rising, like marsh phantasms, out of the
Mississippi bottomlands and the cane-
brakes,

They come to play out their grotesque
dramas

On the stage of each of his novels.

Debased by poverty, degenerate
through inbreeding,

They struggle hopelessly with the soil,
Cheat, lie, murder and commit acts
Of such depravity

As beggars description.

¹ *The Hamlet*, by William Faulkner. \$2.50. Random House.

Isn't that a lulu? Mr. Rugoff ought to be writing those poetic prose introductions for Hollywood historical sagas — those runes which roll on and on until you begin to gag or go to sleep, just before the colossal drama begins; those scanned, sonorous runes, printed on the film with Spencer Tracy and Robert Young eating acorns and wading through rapids in the background. Mr. Rugoff has talents which are lost in book-reviewing. Maybe it's a little unfair to call attention to his misapplied talents. For, after all, he is only typical of the New York reviewers whose brains are so easily addled by a Faulkner novel.

Mr. Faulkner probably gets more fun out of reading the New York reviews of his novels than he gets out of writing the novels. He is a sardonic soul; and I can easily see him as he sits at his typewriter, cooking up a tall tale — for the fun of it, to be sure, but also for the further fun of seeing how New

York reviewers swallow it. Take Mr. Rugoff, but only because he is representative of the way New York reviewers, including Clifton Fadiman, write apropos a Faulkner novel. He has got into his mind the idea that down South — where it is inconceivable that he has ever been — there are “rotted manor mansions,” in which “crawl a breed of characters” who are “debased by poverty, degenerate through inbreeding,” who “struggle hopelessly with the soil” and who “cheat and lie and murder and commit acts of such depravity as beggars description.” The multitudinous fallacies which go to make up the machinery of his thinking are compact in those quotations. But they are not idiosyncratic with Mr. Rugoff: they are typical of what passes for intellectual accoutrements in the quasi-intellectual circles of New York.

Has Mr. Rugoff never read Marcel Proust? Is it his conception from reading Proust that France is a country entirely populated by Barons Charlus? Does he imagine that the functionary who examines his baggage at Le Havre or Bordeaux and inquires, “No cigar, no cigarette, no *chocolat*?” is a degenerate whose psychopathic compulsions put him in constant fear of the police? Does he conclude

from Proust that his innocent *concierger* owns a hotel, secretly, in which to conduct Heliogabalian debaucheries such as Proust describes? If Mr. Rugoff doesn't think so, why does he (and so many of his naïve fellow reviewers) imagine that the South is filled with rotted old mansions, swarming with degenerates? He must have seen that picture taken by Margaret Bourke-White in Clinton, Louisiana, and reproduced in *You Have Seen Their Faces*, by Erskine Caldwell and Miss White. It shows a young woman sitting, with a child on her lap, on the steps of an antebellum mansion. There are five huge Doric pillars visible, so there must be eight huge Doric pillars altogether. The pillars are pot-marked, weather-worn, scarred and scratched; rubble has accumulated at their bases and on the steps. The caption reads: “I don't know what ever happened to the family that built this house before the War. A lot of families live here now. My husband and me moved in and get two rooms for five dollars a month.” That is the only picture of its kind that Miss Bourke-White seems to have found in the South. And I doubt very much that Miss Bourke-White would say that the quite personable young woman — a woman much more personable

than nine out of ten of the women I have seen at the Stork Club or the Colony — is “debased by poverty, degenerate through inbreeding,” and given to “cheat and lie and murder and commit such acts of depravity as beggars description.” Let us not shed any tears about this “rotted old mansion” in Clinton, Louisiana. There are fewer of these rotted old mansions *in the entire South* than you will find in a motor drive 100 miles North from Spuyten Duyvil — the first thing you see to your right, after you cross the Henrik Hudson bridge is an abandoned monstrosity of architecture built by some big-wig.

Have these reviewers read the conclusions of the Rockefeller Institute’s researches on inbreeding and outbreeding? Not only are the finest cattle and the finest horses, but also the finest animals of all sorts — including men — often produced by inbreeding. The reviewers apparently get their scientific knowledge from a quack book which was supposed to be a history of an anonymous “Jukes” family in Northern New York. That book was a sort of Bible of the Eugenists Society in the ‘nineties. All the members of the “Jukes” family were alleged to have come to bad ends on account of inbreeding. The Eugenists set up a family — The

Jonathan Edwardses — who were supposed to have been exemplars of what outbreeding can do in the way of making great statesmen, law-makers, generalissimos, etc. Clarence Darrow, trying to use this “Jukes” family myth to clear a client of a murder charge, learned too much about their history for his client’s good. He made such an exhaustive study of the “Jukeses” and the Edwardses, that he discovered that the descendants of the “Jukeses” were faring quite as well, in his generation, as the descendants of the Edwardses. Moreover, they conspicuously showed more intelligence.

Perhaps Mr. Faulkner’s greatest fault is that he doesn’t write *down* to the knowledge and experience of his New York reviewers. Maybe he ought to write a confidential letter to all of them, explaining in the simplest terms that what they are liable to take as profound criticism of the socio-economic situation in the South and as a document of utmost social significance, is only a joke which every Southern reader will understand. But I suppose if he did this they would conclude he hasn’t the real stuff in him; that he is a jackanapes and not serious the way they imagined him to be.

Let’s take an example. I have

seen no New York review of *The Hamlet* which shows the slightest indication that the reviewer got the point of the longest and best tale in the novel — one of the most hilarious tall tales in all literature. They all took it seriously. The tale is Ratliff's about the horse traders. It is far better than *David Harum*. And yet it is in the strictest tradition of oral tall tales in the South. It runs for page after page — with interruptions — like all oral Southern horse-trading tales. The teller tries to see how long he can drag the thing out and still keep his audience, before he arrives at the masterpiece of his imagination. He tells dozens of stories of contests between two horse-traders both of whom think they are pretty slick. That is only to lead up to the tall tale the teller has thought up. Faulkner has followed this tradition. He wins the prize.

What is the climax story in Ratliff's recital? It is that, after two horse-and-mule traders have tried for a long time to out-smart each other, the really smart guy trades back to the sap the horse the sap has brought in to palm off on the smart guy. The sap, going into town to cheat the smart trader, feeds a spavined and decrepit horse gobs of salt with his fodder, so the horse will drink a lot of water at

every creek on the way to town and thus swell out his belly until he *looks* pretty good. Besides that, the sap has covered the nag with shoe-polish to make the sorrel look like a roan. The slick trader spots the deception, sends the sap away from his auction tent into town under some sort of pretext, turns the hose on the horse, washing off the shoe-polish, and then gets busy. He opens up a hole in the horse's foreshoulder, according to Ratliff (who goes into such precise nonsensical details that they would fool a New York reviewer who never saw a horse except in a parade) and, with a bicycle pump, pumps in air all over the horse's body, between skin and flesh, until the nag looks like a percheron! Then he trades it back to the sap. The horse falls apart twenty minutes after the trade is made.

Mr. Faulkner never even suspects that New York reviewers can be so ignorant of physiology that they accept such a tale literally and don't know you can't pump up a horse with a bicycle pump. When he writes superb stories like that and I see how New York reviewers take them, I begin to believe that the South ought to secede again. What's the use of writing if you have to submit what you

write to the critical estimate of persons who haven't the slightest idea what your words mean? It doesn't help if the reviewer goes enthusiastically gaga or writes Adonic verse in praise; for, after all, he is praising you for something you haven't written and never had any intention of writing.

Mr. Faulkner is an extremely talented man, with a fine sense of values, which is sometimes confused by his inordinate comic sense. It is his misfortune — and his fortune perhaps — to be ecstatically praised by people who haven't the vaguest notion what he is writing about.

THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

FAILURE OF A MISSION, by Sir Nevile Henderson. \$3.00. *Putnam*. Sir Nevile Henderson was the representative at Berlin of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of "appeasement"; and his account of its failure reveals that remarkable reportorial gift which the British White Papers have already made familiar. Naturally, since he was the chief agent of appeasement, his book is in the nature of an apologia. The arguments *contra* are well known, and the controversy will probably go on indefinitely. Without going into the argument, one may say that the reason why appeasement was foredoomed to failure emerges clearly from this narrative. In the words of Hitler, which Sir Nevile quotes, "If you wish to obtain your objectives by force, you must be strong; if you wish to obtain them by negotiation, you must be stronger still." Sir Nevile frankly admits that British attempts to negotiate with Hitler were hopeless because Britain was weak while Germany was ready for war. If you are going to say "no" to an armed gangster you must be able to say it with guns. That is the moral of this

account of British diplomacy immediately preceding the Second World War. Sir Nevile's appraisals of the Nazi gangsters, from Hitler down, are shrewd and illuminating. Their mendacity, cynical opportunism, ruthless brutality and real ability are vividly portrayed. That he was able to establish cordial and even friendly personal relations with several among them — especially Goering — reflects on his taste rather than his acumen. His impressions of Hitler, with whom he did not get along, are especially instructive. The Nazi Führer appears in these pages as an abnormal genius, moody, hysterical, with a facile conscience, a narrow mind, a sense of inferiority overcompensated by a gargantuan megalomania; a man whose aim of military conquest was fixed, but whose methods of attaining it were those of brilliant improvisation implemented by shrewd political timing and thorough preparation for all eventualities due to the organizational ability of his chief aides. Apropos these methods Sir Nevile remarks, "All things come to him who waits and who schemes while waiting." Those words

sum up Hitler's unbroken record of success until he chose to plunge Germany into a second war for world dominion. Whether they will apply in future can be determined only by the outcome of the struggle.

DOWN TO EARTH, by Alan Devoe. Illustrated by D. F. Levett Bradley and Gertrude M. Bradley. \$2.50. *Coward-McCann*. Alan Devoe's work is too familiar to MERCURY readers to need description here. We know — meaning no disrespect to other contributors — that many of our readers rate Devoe above all the rest. He has a deep affection for the earth and its ways and its creatures that has in it no sentimentality, no strain, no self-consciousness. He is a man, as he says in this volume, "whose chosen life it is to contemplate the phenomena of earth — intently staring upward at clouds and downward at lichens, and trying by sight and scent and touch and hearing to enter as deeply as he can into intimacy with the myriad-faceted life of his planet." Fortunately for his readers he possesses a word — *the* word — for the largest or most fitting of his sensations. Nature is to him "a thing seen in glimpses, in small sporadic adventures and encounters, in isolated moments of heightened awareness." These glimpses and adventures and moments of awareness make cameo-like chapters in this book. A few of the chapters have appeared in these pages, but Devoe's essays, like good poetry, improve with rereading. The book will make you intimately aware of animals (butterflies, deer, worms, snakes, etc.), the seasons, the life of earth in minuscule and in its multitudinous opulence. No one who loves the world we live in can afford to miss this book. Those who don't will love it after reading the book.

A LIBERAL IN WARTIME, the Education of Albert De Silver, by Walter Nelles; edited by Lewis Gannett; introduction by Roger Baldwin. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A tender memoir which, in view of the fact that there are an author, an editor and an introducer concerned in the text, of which there is very little De Silver except some letters, is just possibly a

family-subsidized book. It concerns the mental evolution of a rich kid, fairly sensitive and intelligent, who gradually sloughed off his environment-acquired Tory ideas and broke away from his mother's apron strings. As Associate Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, Albert De Silver was beginning to show himself to be socially valuable when, on the way home from a Yale-Harvard football game, he was catapulted against a door as the train rounded a curve, and instantly killed. He was thirty-six when he died. Somehow it seems that much more might have been made of this book than has been. An interesting story seems to have been lost.

ONE WHO WAS VALIANT, by Clarissa Young Spencer and Mabel Harmer. \$3. *Caxton Printers*. Mrs. Spencer, now eighty, is one of Brigham Young's daughters. She has told her story of her father and of the family arrangements in his Mormon empire to Mrs. Harmer, who is a gifted member of the literary circle in Salt Lake City. The book has the charm of an intimate filial recital of paternal virtues; it has considerable historical value; it has moral as well as social significance, though not in the orthodox sense; and it contains some superb reproductions of old photographs.

THIS FASCINATING OIL BUSINESS, by Max W. Ball. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. The only book to date to give a comprehensive account of every phase of an industry that is not only fascinating but extremely important. Exact information on everything from geological explanation, with drawings to illustrate, about how oil pockets are formed in rock strata beneath the surface of the earth and out of what the pockets or pools are formed, to definitions of all the terms, slang or technical, used by oil men and oil field workers. A valuable and interesting book.

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW, by Oliver La Farge. Photographs by Helen M. Post. \$2.50. *Alliance Book Corp.* The author is president of the American Association of Indian Affairs. He is also the

author of the Pulitzer prize novel of Navajo Indian life, *Laughing Boy*. He knows Indians and he is eloquent about them and about the treatment they have received from us white invaders. The pictures are magnificent. It is a common delusion that the Indians are becoming extinct. Throughout the Americas their birth rate is rising and their tribes increasing. In time they may take the lands back from the white European invaders.

OUTDOOR COOKING, by Cora, Rose and Bob Brown. \$2.50. *Greystone Press*. It was high time that the Browns got around to writing a cookbook for campers-out, fishermen, hunters, and city folk who get two weeks' vacation every year and want to get out and rough it but don't know how or what to cook. The Browns know their stuff. They must have cast-iron stomachs if they have actually prepared and eaten all the dishes they have given recipes for in their many mouth-watering cookbooks.

THE SUN NEVER SETS, by Malcolm Muggerridge. \$3. *Random House*. Sketches, by a London journalist, of those persons who made the headlines in the 'thirties, including Lawrence of Arabia, Mrs. Simpson, Colonel Lindbergh, Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Rothermere, Noel Coward, Bernard Shaw and Anthony Eden. Mostly gossip-column stuff.

SCIENCE FRONT 1939, by F. Sherwood Taylor. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Exposition of the latest developments in every branch of scientific activity, including experiments and conclusions about sex and the steroids. This is probably the most fascinating chapter in the book, because, as Dr. Taylor says, "Cholesterol itself could hardly have awakened even a fleeting interest in the public mind. But nothing which is so profoundly connected with sex as this substance could remain long in obscurity, for it is on sex that the whole fabric of human thought and society is based." There are also chapters on chemotherapy, the shock treatment in schizophrenia, coal-oil, television, the atom, the polar aurora, helium (called "the crazy liquid") and the new

quartz clock which performs ten times better than the pendulum clock. Some of the mathematical formulas are over the head of this reviewer; but the parts he can understand are thrilling.

FICTION

AS A DRIVEN LEAF, by Milton Steinberg. \$2.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. This is a beautiful book. Most of the 300,000 people who have bought and read Sholem Asch's remarkably fine novel, *The Nazarene*, should find the same sort of pleasure in reading this novel and consider it a sort of companion-piece to *The Nazarene*. The action is laid in the second century and concerns the betrayal of the Jews by Elisha ben Abuyah, a Jewish rabbi. Many of the characters are drawn from history and the material of many of the events is from historical documents. In an era of great confusion arising out of the conflict of pagan, Jewish and the Jewish schismatic or Christian faiths, Elisha foreswears his religion, sells out his people to the Roman emperor, and delivers the Sanhedrin over to the Roman centurions. Elisha's career somewhat parallels that of Josephus; but Steinberg has written a better, a more moving, novel even than Feuchtwanger's *Josephus*, which was a very good novel indeed.

MY HEY-DEY, by Princess Tulip Murphy, as told to Virginia Faulkner. \$2. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. People who think they are "sophisticates" are going to think that this is a very witty and naughty book. They and the book belong to the Jazz Age, circa 1923.

HIGH SIERRA, by W. R. Burnett. \$2. *Knopf*. Thrilling story of a notorious bandit, just out of prison, destined by his very notoriety to return to his criminal pursuits, if only to prove to himself that his is the mastermind his newspaper clippings say he is. Burnett is a capital narrator, as slickly expert in technique as de Maupassant, and he has a neat talent for exciting compassion. Too bad he chooses to exercise these gifts upon such emotionally moronic rats as the Roy Earle of this yarn.

THE OPEN FORUM

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S DEFENSE OF FREEDOM

SIR: Bertrand Russell's article in your May issue, *Freedom and the Colleges* is a poorly disguised effort to avoid the real issue upon which the New York court revoked the appointment of Russell to the faculty of the College of the City of New York. The case did not involve the question of academic freedom. It was concerned with and decided upon Russell's moral unfitness to teach American youth in a tax-supported institution. If Lord Russell is really a learned man, he should be able to distinguish between academic license and pandemic licentiousness. It shows once more that the most stupid faker often parades under a cap and gown. Through the miasma of his mathematical logic, he should be able to see, here, a United States whose written statutes, by states, clearly define as criminal some of the spoken and written doctrines of Russell on sex relations.

These statutes and the court decisions rendered under them, represent the sober belief of people of all creeds in this country. In America, it is still the moral and legal right of any American mother to protect her daughter against the vicious mouthings of sex mongers, even if they are disguised in academic robes.

If his Lordship does not like the decision of an American court, he may always resume his seat in Britain's highest court, the House of Lords. If he chooses to cling to his American payroll, he might go back to the faculty of privately-endowed Harvard University and there feed his students off a menu such as that from which Voltaire picked his death-bed meal.

ANDREW P. KEEFE

Pine City,
Minnesota.

SIR: Bertrand Russell, in your May issue, deals brilliantly with one of the most important of all social questions — the right of man to free intellectual inquiry. It is not the purpose of this letter to discuss Mr. Russell's arguments; I could only restate them far less competently. What is significant in his article is its temper — its moral elevation, its intellectual enlightenment, the profound and cultivated humanism which informs it. There are many brilliant people; there are few great men. Mr. Russell is first of all a great man. Everything he says and does, whether right or wrong, bears the authentic stamp of a deep humanity. And the touchstone of this quality is his respect for the human dignity of even the pettiest and most abusive of his opponents. His clerical critics have descended to the most obscene attacks on Mr. Russell, and to the most ignorantly bigoted attacks on our higher education. Yet Mr. Russell's only answer has been an objective and dispassionate analysis of the fundamental issue of liberty in intellectual pursuits. Thus he literally elevates these little people into participants in a historic discussion — an honor which they ill deserve. For the Mannings of this world defend what they call morality with the methods of intellectual gangsterism.

What is morality? Is it, as it seems to Mr. Manning and all the other Pharisees for whom he acted as a stooge, merely a matter of a certain attitude towards the relation between the sexes — which always seems to obsess these gentry — or does it have something to do with the Golden Rule, or for that matter with ordinary civilized behavior?

And now to the really important point. I believe in religious tolerance, absolutely, unequivocally, and uncompromisingly. I belong to no church. But as a democrat — in an in-

creasingly totalitarian epoch — I believe that civil rights are of the most vital importance to us all; *and freedom of worship always has been one of the most essential of civil rights.* It is for this reason that I consider myself a far better friend of the right of Catholics to religious tolerance than the Catholic hierarchy which is endangering this right by trying to impose its morality on the rest of us — a continuous interference in which the persecution of Mr. Russell is only one incident. Only a fool can believe that a Catholic minority can impose its will on the vast non-Catholic majority in this country. The danger, in view of anti-Catholic bigotry in our history, is precisely that such hierarchic attempts are almost bound to boomerang against American Catholics. And in time, of course, resentment of a Catholic minority will affect other minorities and infect the majority. Such is eternally the pattern of intolerance when it is allowed its head.

After all, this controversy doesn't hurt Mr. Russell, who has gallantly permitted himself to be the rallying point for the defenders of academic freedom. Mr. Russell is far too famous for his career to be interfered with in the slightest. Moreover, having lived in many parts of this country, and having covered it journalistically for years, I know it too well to believe for a moment that there is more prejudice against Mr. Russell — whose grandfather, Lord John Russell, as Prime Minister of Great Britain secured for Catholics the right to hold public office — than there is against any Catholic, from a Cardinal down to the most obscure layman. Our fight here is to drum it into the public mind that Jim Farley, from the point of view of his human rights, is every bit as good as Bertrand Russell, the protestant descendant of the Dukes of Bedford. The fight is not the other way around.

If my Catholic fellow-citizens can't see this, they are riding for a fall. And the Jewish housewife, and her Jewish lawyer, who foolishly challenged Mr. Russell's appointment, should have stopped to think about the sinister danger of an anti-Semitic back-fire. With

hundreds of Jewish intellectuals butchered or driven into exile by the totalitarian states, this is no time for Jews to be fighting human rights — not even for the publicity to be had from attacking an eminent man.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

New York City.



REDUCING THE PROMISED LAND

SIR: Just for the sake of the record, I believe we should point out a discrepancy in Frank J. Taylor's article in your February issue — *The Northwest, Our Promised Land*. Mr. Taylor reports that the Soil Conservation Service estimates a net of 2,000,000 acres suitable for farming in the Pacific Northwest, "not including the Columbia Basin Project." Our figures show that the 2,000,000 acres *does* include the land in the Columbia Project soon to be irrigated.

GORDON K. ZIMMERMAN

Acting Chief, Division of Information,
Soil Conservation Service, U.S.

Department of Agriculture.

Washington, D. C.



A MATTER OF WORDS

SIR: In an article in your May issue, Dr. Morris Berg is described as a "charter member of the American Linguistic Society." There is no American Linguistic Society. There is a Linguistic Society of America, of which Mr. Berg was a Foundation Member (we do not recognize the denomination "Charter Member," as we are not incorporated) by virtue of the fact that he paid his first dues early in 1925, the first year of the Society's existence.

ROLAND G. KENT, Secretary,
Linguistic Society of America.

Philadelphia.



THE MORO UPRISING

SIR: With no intention of disparaging Irving Wallace's *Monarchy Under the American Flag*, in the February *MERCURY*, may I be

permitted to point out certain inaccuracies in this interesting article?

The Sultan of Sulu had nothing to do with the Moro uprising. He was a man of peace, if not at any price, certainly at the price paid him by the United States Government. He liked his job too well to jeopardize it by starting any rough stuff with his Uncle Samuel. The trouble was caused by one tough Datus who, for what reason I don't recollect, "got off the reservation" leading sizeable bands of ruffians and cutthroats, and for some time raised hell in the island of Jolo. The outbreak was sternly repressed by United States troops, mainly Moros recruited in the domains of the disaffected Datus.

John J. Pershing, then a captain of cavalry, was assigned to the command of a force of government troops and did a good job of liquidating the Datus' "armies." As a reward for his successful conduct of the campaign, Roosevelt the First made Captain Pershing a brigadier general, to the dismay of a considerable number of older if not abler soldiers. *Pershing was never a colonel*, as stated by Mr. Wallace, having, not unwillingly it may be assumed, made a quick change of his captain's bars for the star of a brigadier.

JAMES ROSS

*Manila,
Philippine Islands.*

WHERE AMELIA LIVED

SIR: In her article, *Mrs. Brigham Young*, in your February issue, Anna Mary Wells says that "the famous favorite, Amelia Folsom . . . never either owned or occupied the house that was pointed out as Amelia's Palace."

As a young girl I went with my mother to call on Amelia when she lived in "Amelia's Palace" in Salt Lake City. My mother had known her in Council Bluffs, Iowa, where she had lived previous to her marriage to Brigham Young. She was a quiet, dignified, beautiful woman, and it would have been difficult to believe that she had ever "led him a merry

chase." She told my mother at that time: "There has never been a moment in my life since I married Brigham Young that I have not been happy, and never have I regretted marrying him."

I afterwards understood that she had lived in "Amelia's Palace," which he was supposed to have given her, until her death; but I can not vouch for that.

CLARA B. WYMAN

*Hollywood,
California.*

LINCOLN AS SOLDIER

SIR: On page 392 of your April issue, in the article by Benjamin Stolberg on Cordell Hull, there appears the statement: "Both were volunteer captains in wars with which they had no great sympathy — Lincoln against Mexico, Hull against Spain."

My recollection is that Mr. Lincoln was a volunteer captain in the Black Hawk War — serving from 1831 to 1837, and that during the Mexican War he was a Member of Congress. The Lincoln character would not, it seems to me, fit in with volunteer service in a cause in which he had no great sympathy.

HARRIS E. GALPIN

*Muskegon,
Michigan.*

THE TAXPAYER PAYS

SIR: Don Wharton's article *The Federal Food-Stamp Plan*, in your April issue, omits one important fact. That is, it is one more project to add to the taxpayers' burden, and if it becomes general all over the United States it will bog down of its own weight, like all the other New Deal fallacies. You do not get something for nothing in this world. Taxes pay for all these experiments, and there is only one source of taxes: the public.

G. L. CRAIG

*Beaver,
Pennsylvania.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS

LOWELL BRENTANO is a prolific writer of books and magazine articles. He is co-author of *Danger — Men Working*, *The Spider*, and other plays, and was formerly Vice-President of Brentano's, Inc., publishers.

GROFF CONKLIN edited the *Smart Set Anthology* (with Burton Rascoe) and the *New Republic Anthology*, and is the author of *All About Subways* and other books.

JOSEPH F. DINNEEN of the *Boston Globe* is an outstanding New England journalist, and contributes to leading national magazines. His *Murder in Massachusetts*, a magazine article, was made into a motion picture.

GRANT V. R. LAWRENCE is the pen-name of a former clergyman whose identity is known to the editors.

EMIL LENGYEL is Professor of History at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. His *The Danube* is currently a best-seller. His other books include *Millions of Dictators*, *The Cauldron Boils*, and *Hilur*.

JACK G. MAUDER is a newspaper reporter in his early twenties. *The 3-X Murders* is one of a series of stories on unsolved crimes on which he is working.

JOHN MCCARTEN, formerly associate editor of *Fortune* magazine, now contributes regularly to that magazine, the *New Yorker* and other periodicals.

LUCILLE B. MILNER has been secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union since its formation in 1920.

MAX NOMAD, author of *Rebels and Renegades*, *Apostles of Revolution* and other books, has been contributing regularly to these pages. His most recent MERCURY article was "Poland without a Halo."

HOWARD RUSHMORE made the front pages when the *Daily Worker* fired him for his refusal to attack the picture *Gone With the Wind*. He is a native of South Dakota, a tenth-generation American. He has worked as reporter in several states, and on communist publications since 1935.

EDITH M. STERN is the author of two novels, *Purse Strings* and *Scarlet Heels*. She is a born New Yorker, and a graduate of Barnard. Her articles have appeared in most of our leading magazines.

JAMES STILL won an O. Henry Memorial Prize for one of his short stories last year. He recently published his first novel, *River of Earth*, and has a volume of poetry, *Hounds on the Mountain*, to his credit. He was born in the hills of Alabama and grew up near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is the author of *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal*, *The Story of the CIO*, and many magazine articles. He is among the foremost writers on labor, social problems and politics in America.

LINTON WELLS, at present news analyst and commentator for Columbia Broadcasting System, is a veteran foreign correspondent and globe-trotter. Among his many books is *Blood on the Moon*, an autobiography.

SAVE UP TO 80% on these Best Sellers

NOTOrdinary "bargain" books — or publishers' remainders — but carefully selected titles which have made permanent places for themselves through the high quality of their contents. BRAND NEW, custom-built editions, complete and unabridged, beautifully printed and bound, many illustrated. All full library size. Check this list now and order on coupon on the opposite page.

Originally up to \$15.00

Now only \$1.00 to \$1.00

419 MUSIC LOVERS ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Deems Taylor. Everything you want to know about music — operas, symphonies, composers, musical terms and instruments, radio music, phonograph records, etc. 15,000 entries. 900 pages. Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.98.

508 NINE PLAYS, Eugene O'Neill. A magnificent volume containing nine of the greatest plays ever written by America's most famous playwright and winner of the Nobel Prize. Contains: *The Emperor Jones*, *The Hairy Ape*, *All God's Chillen Got Wings*, *Desire Under the Elms*, *Marco Millions*, *The Great God Brown*, *Lausus Laughed*, *Strange Interlude*, and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.98.

B82 MARGARET SANGER'S HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE. A frank explanation of the essential facts of sex relationships by the foremost exponent of birth control. Originally \$2.00. Now only \$1.00.

B49 DRY GUILLotine, Rene Belbenoit. An unforgettable story of fifteen years among the living dead on Devil's Island. Illustrated by a prisoner whose primitive lines have caught the horror and repulsion of life in this dreaded French penal colony. Originally \$3.50. Now only \$1.00.

20 STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. Will Durant. America's most famous modern book — the epoch-making history of humans as great thinkers, from Socrates to Dewey. Originally \$5.00. Now \$1.00.

B19 STORY OF HUMAN BIRTH, Dr. Alan Frank Gutmacher. A famous obstetrician reveals the true facts, the folklore and superstitions of the least

known period of human life — from conception to actual birth. Originally \$2.75. Now only \$1.00.

B326 GREYHOUNDS OF THE SEA. The Story of the American Clipper Ship, Carl C. Cutler. A beautiful, oversized volume commemorating the storied careers of those graceful, romantic sailing vessels of yesterday. With dozens of photographs, plans, drawings, and full color reproductions. Originally \$15.00. Now only \$1.89.

B31 400 TRICKS YOU CAN DO, Howard Thurston. Mammoth magic book of coin, dice, card and other sleight-of-hand tricks, vividly described by one of the world's great magicians. Only \$1.00.

B396 10,000 JOKES, TOASTS AND STORIES edited by Lewis and Faye Copeland. Largest and most complete joke book ever compiled. Indexed for instant use. A book to brighten your speeches, enliven your conversation and make your leisure pleasant. Only \$1.98.

B309 THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING, Lin Yutang. A widely traveled, widely read man with the gentle wisdom of an ancient sage and the practical outlook of a modern man discusses your favorite topics: love, marriage, business, eating, smoking, the home and hundreds of other things so close to us all. Over 300,000 copies sold! Get this personal guide to the enjoyment of life now — at less-than-half-price — for a limited time only. Now \$1.39.

128 ROGET'S THESAURUS: In Dictionary Form, C. O. Sylvester Mawson. For students, teachers, business men, writers, speakers. This standard book of synonyms and antonyms is arranged in a new patented dictionary form that makes it as easy to use as a dictionary. Now for the first time at this low price. Originally \$3.50. New clothbound edition. Only \$1.00.

318A Thumb-indexed edition — for quickest reference. Bound in heavy buckram. This De Luxe edition. Only \$1.98.

174 THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Henry Marshall. Covers all business sub-

jects — banking, law, letter writing, arithmetic, advertising, selling, business English, credits, collections, etc. Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.00.

B351 40,000 QUOTATIONS (Prose and Poetical). Charles Noel Douglas. More than 2,000 pages, cross-indexed to facilitate use. Appropriate phrase or poem by a famous man on any subject. Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.89.

92 STANDARD BOOK FORMULAS, H. Bennett. Make what you use — save money! Over 2,000 tested formulas: tooth powders, hair tonics, mouth washes, creams, polishes, etc. No scientific knowledge or equipment necessary. Originally \$2.00. Now only \$1.00.

497 A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF GARDENING, A. J. Macself, F.R.H.S. This book will answer all questions — selection, planting and care of flower, fruits, vegetables, plants, ferns, cacti, trees and shrubs! Full information about fertilizers, fighting pests, etc. Edited for quick reference. Scientific and common names; 270 illustrations. Only \$1.49.

B29 ASTROLOGY FOR EVERY ONE, Evangeline Adams. The world's most famous astrologer tells how to read character from the stars; and, according to your own nose, how to find the right job, how to make marriage a success. Complete horoscopes covering every birth date. Now only \$1.00.

35 NEW BOOK OF ETIQUETTE, Lillian Eichler. Completely revised and brought up to date. 508 pages fully indexed. Etiquette for dinners, dances, engagements, weddings, parties, visiting cards, correspondence, service of beverages, etc. Was \$4.00. Now only \$1.00.

368 THE BEST LOVED POEMS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, Hazel Felleman. 700 pages of inspirational, famous and beautiful poetry, selected from millions of requests from readers by the editor of the "Queries and Answers" department of the N. Y. Times. Over 600 poems. Now \$1.69.

Read As Many As You Wish FREE

390 MATHEMATICS MADE EASY. Henry Thomas, Ph.D. Presents the fundamentals and the everyday use of mathematics in easily understood language, with a wealth of examples and illustrations. Practical, authoritative and interestingly written. Special, only \$1.79.

B33 ARABIAN NIGHTS. Burton's Translation. An unexpurgated selection with new illustrations by Steele Savage. Originally \$2.98. Now only \$1.00.

140 SING SING DOCTOR. Amos O. Squire, M.D. Of 99 men he has said, "This man is dead!" — now he recounts the stranger-than-fiction story of life in the cells of the condemned — lurid, thrilling episodes of daring escapes, riots, the death chamber. Was \$3.50. Now \$1.00.

25 CLEOPATRA. Emil Ludwig. The world's bewitching, glamorous, talented queen. Originally \$3.50. Now only \$1.00.

B133 SUPREME LETTER WRITER. Cay Vernon. Your guide to good letter writing — for every occasion, business and social. New, authoritative. Only \$1.00.

27 HISTORY AND DESTINY OF THE JEWS. Josef Kaszteln. A popular biography of this great race who are the best and least known people on earth. Originally \$3.50. Now only \$1.00.

B81 DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO. 100 famous stories, each turning on a fine point of love. Complete and unexpurgated. Steele Savage illustrations. Originally \$6.00. Now only \$1.00.

485 REBECCA. Daphne du Maurier. Here's the brilliant novel of an unforgettable woman about which the critics of two continents raved. The great best-seller from which the motion picture was made! To enjoy the picture more, read the book first. Was \$2.75. Now \$1.39.

459 THE STORY OF MAN-KIND. Hendrik W. van Loon, author of "The Arts." An essential part of every home library. An animated chronology of man's progress. 188 illustrations. Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.00.

B324 NATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA. A complete nature library in one volume. Contributions by the foremost authorities on 1,000 species of birds, flowers, insects, animals, reptiles, etc. 700 illustrations. 200 in full color. Nearly 1,000 pages. Originally in two volumes at \$5.00. Now only \$1.89.

378 NAPOLEON. Emil Ludwig. One of the great books of all time — supreme biography of most thrilling figure in modern history. Originally \$3.00. Only \$1.00.

B138 DE MAUPASSANT'S COMPLETE SHORT STORIES. All in one volume! More than 200 tales of French love, hate, passion and madness. Over 1,000 pages. Originally \$2.98. Now only \$1.00.

B165 ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING. Abbe Bautain. How to think on your feet and speak without notes before any kind of audience. Originally \$2.50. Now only \$1.00.

500 FUNK & WAGNALLS STANDARD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY. A new ready-reference dictionary, fully up to date, authoritative, designed to give the spelling, pronunciation, meaning and etymology of about 83,000 English words and phrases. Appendix of useful information. Bound in heavy buckram. 1,200 illustrations. An invaluable dictionary for home, office or school use. Only \$1.79. 500A Thumb-indexed edition — for quickest reference. De Luxe edition is well worth the small added cost. Only \$2.19.

71 FUN FOR THE FAMILY. Jerome S. Meyer. Word puzzles, party games, brain twisters, questions, puzzles, stunts, magic and

tricks. Originally \$1.95. Now only \$1.00.

B323 HIGH SCHOOL SELF-TAUGHT. A complete four-year high school course for stimulating, productive home study. Twenty minutes a day with this 24-volumes-in-one book gives you the foundation for a complete education. Brand new revised and enlarged edition. 1,000 pages. \$5.00 value. Now only \$1.89.

B302 STANDARD OPERA AND CONCERT GUIDE. Upton and Borowski. A tremendous value, nearly 1,100 pages containing plots and stories of all standard operas, plus explanation and meaning of 438 symphonies by 112 composers. Latest revised edition. Originally \$6.00. Now only \$1.59.

B36 THE HIDDEN LINCOLN. Emanuel Hertz. Frank and human appraisal of America's best-loved President, taken from many unpublished letters of William H. Herndon, Lincoln's friend and law partner. Illustrated. Originally \$5.00. Now \$1.00.

416 THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ENGLISH. Henry Thomas, Ph.D. A delightful guide to speaking and writing correct, forceful, powerful English for practical, everyday use. Amazingly easy to read and remember! Only \$1.79.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THE COUPON

Simply encircle numbers of books you wish on coupon below, fill in and mail at once. We pay postage and packing. On arrival of books pay postman our special advertised price (plus few cents government C.O.D. charge). If you are not convinced that these are the greatest book values you ever saw, return books within five days for full refund of purchase price! Mail coupon now!

AMERICAN MERCURY												6-40
570 Lexington Ave., New York City												
Please send me the books whose numbers I have encircled below												
I will pay postman your special advertised price (plus few cents actual government C.O.D. charge). It is distinctly understood that — if I am not convinced these are the greatest book values I ever saw — I may return books within 5 days for refund of purchase price.												
B19	20	25	27	B29	B31	B33	35	B36	B49			
71	B81	B82	92	128	B133	B138	140	B165	174			
B302	B309	318A	B323	B324	B326	B351	368					
378	390	B396	416	419	459	485	497	500				
500A	508											
Name												
Address												
City												
State												
☐ POSTAGE FREE — Check here if you wish to save government C.O.D. charge by enclosing with coupon full amount of your order. Same refund guarantee applies, of course.												

If you read for pleasure—

try any one of these 24 engrossing books published by The American Mercury. You'll find it virtually impossible to put down once begun. Only 25c

3 Thirteen Steps—
Whitman Chambers. A startling story with a brain-twisting plot, a violent love affair, a breathless murder trial, all set against the realistic background of the press room.

4 Company K—
William March. An unforgettable collection of personal experiences woven into a single, powerful, vibrant, moving drama of the Great War.

5 Thieves Like Us—
Edward Anderson. The thrill-packed novel of a fugitive from justice and the girl who chanced death with him through days and nights of haunting terror.

6 Weeping Is for Women—
Donald Barr Chidsey. What an illicit love affair did to the plans of a lifetime.

7 Diamond Jim Brady—
Parker Morell. The robust, scandalous, fascinating life of the fabulous playboy.

8 Hot Saturday—
Harvey Fergusson. With unerring delicacy the author probes the eternal problem of womankind.

9 Criss-Cross—
Don Tracy. A fast-moving story of love, intrigue and murder.

10 The General—
C. S. Forester. A vitriolic novel of romantic bravery—and at the same time an inside story of war.

11 Mantrap—
Sinclair Lewis. A little firebrand manicurist finds life with her husband unbearable, and seeks a way out.

Out of the thousands of novels published each year, Mercury Books are carefully selected for your pleasure and entertainment. Choose any one at random and you will be sure to get a thoroughly enjoyable, fast-moving, exciting story. Printed on a good grade of paper from good, clear, new type, and sturdily bound in a special English-finish flexible paper cover, they are as easy on your eyes as on your pocketbook.

12 I Cover the Water-front—
Max Miller's famous book containing his wise, witty, macabre tales of the Frisco docks.

13 To the Vanquished—
I. A. R. Wylie. An extraordinary chronicle of young love during the rise of Hitler.

14 Death in the Deep South—
Ward Greene. The exciting story of mob passion, violence, and under-cover politics in a mysterious murder case.

15 Indelible—
Elliott H. Paul. A stirring novel about a young musician's passion for a girl violinist.

16 Once Too Often—
Whitman Chambers. A fast-moving story of a successful lady columnist who traded once too often on her fascinating beauty.

17 The Prodigal Parents—
Sinclair Lewis. A story of the problems of modern parenthood.

18 The Loving Spirit—
Daphne du Maurier. A stirring novel of the men and women of one family who loved and hated fiercely but found peace in each other.

19 East Wind: West Wind—
Pearl S. Buck. This poignant novel by the author of "The Good Earth" tells a fascinating story of conflict between the old and new China.

21 The Missing Minature—
Erich Kastner. A rare combination of joyous comedy and wildly exciting mystery. "An absolutely enchanting book." — William Lyon Phelps.

22 County Court—
Roy Flannagan. A fine, lusty novel of a small town in which a murder trial throws into sudden highlight all its shadowed secrets.

23 The Devil in Satin—
Dorothy Yates. An exciting, pungent story of an unscrupulous woman and an unsuspecting man.

24 Divide by Two—
Mildred Gitman. A child of modern divorced parents tries to arrange his life to his liking.

25 The Light That Failed—
Rudyard Kipling. The crowning achievement of one of the world's most beloved writers.

26 Never in Vain—
J. L. Hardy. Author of "Everything Is Thunder." The fierce and passionate novel of a man who was born a killer, of one woman who tamed him, and of another who again released the tides of violence.

27 The Dutch Shoe Mystery—
Ellery Queen. A thrilling story of murder in a modern hospital—in the sparkling Ellery Queen manner.

NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

28 Jamaica Inn—
Daphne du Maurier. author of "Rebecca." "This is a story that should keep many a reader awake all night. It is well worth the loss of sleep." — John Clair Minot, Boston Herald.

READY JUNE 4

29 Class Reunion—
Franz Werfel. "Werfel's name has been proposed several times for the Nobel prize. 'Class Reunion' should further that movement." — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MERCURY BOOKS, Dept. M640
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

Please send me the books whose numbers I have encircled below. I enclose \$..... in full payment (at 25c per copy) — no additional charge for postage. It is understood that I may return these books at any time within five days for full refund.

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

This offer good only in United States and possessions

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If, when you have read some or all of these books, you are not entirely satisfied, simply return them within five days and we will promptly refund your money. Order now while the supply lasts. All 25 books \$6.25 — any 12 books \$3.00 — any 8 books \$2.00 — any 4 books \$1.00. Single copies 25c each.

Each group of four books will be packed in a handsome library case

MERCURY BOOKS, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

An Amazing Life in Which Bridge has Played but a Minor Role!

HIS responsibility for the bridge tactics of millions the world over is but an incident in this amazing personal history—as a revolutionist in the jails of Czarist Russia and Mexico—as a hobo in the “jungles” of the West Coast—as a super-sophisticate in Paris—as student, gambler, writer, business man on two continents! Here’s proof that truth can be more thrilling than fiction.

BURTON RASCOE says:

“This is the most astoundingly frank and honest confession ever published, probably, with the exception of Boswell’s *Journals*. It makes the famed confessions of Rousseau and St. Augustine seem like the reports of adolescents. Culbertson is a versatile genius, talented in many more ways than in playing bridge.”



THE STRANGE LIVES OF ONE MAN

ILLUSTRATED **\$3.00**
At all Bookstores

An
Autobiography *by* ELY CULBERTSON

WINSTON • Philadelphia

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hawaii

Islands of unparalleled pleasure

Outrigger, surfboard, gay-hearted riders, racing shoreward in parallels of exhilaration... that's Waikiki!

A sun-bright island corner of the Pacific, where living, playing, being happy have reached unrivaled heights, where June turns each page of the calendar and writes at the top, "Fair, with light, flower-scented breeze prevailing"... that's Hawaii!

And it's true of all the islands in the group... besides Oahu, there are Hawaii, Maui, Kauai... each the essence of the same perfection, with delightful variations, and each easily reached by plane or steamer.

All four islands, with featured Waikiki, offering happy events, ever-changing variety, and a plan for happiness unparalleled anywhere... they all merge in the one, inspiring word, Hawaii!

For an alluring foretaste of Hawaii, drop into your Travel Agent's office and look over a copy of "Nani O Hawaii." Its beautiful color photographs glimpse some of the sun-bright variety of Hawaii. A sailing schedule will show you that, whenever you plan to go, there will always be a splendid luxury liner leaving within a few days from Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Vancouver, B. C.

This advertisement is sponsored by Hawaii Tourist Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A. Branches: 74 Main Street, San Francisco; 736 W. Olympic Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. A non-profit organization maintained for your service by

THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII.



LEGENDARY CAVES — KAUAI



HISTORIC CANNON — MAUI



RAINBOW FALLS — HAWAII



FRISSELL



IOLANI BARRACKS — HAWAII

COPYR. 1940 HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU